

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

No. 914, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

The Life of Alexander Pope. By William John Courthorpe. (John Murray.)

It is now thirty-five years since the expectations of lovers of literature were aroused by the announcement of a new edition of Pope by John Wilson Croker, the foundation of that which has been at last brought to a successful conclusion by Mr. Courthorpe. Much has been discovered about Pope since that date, and many errors repeated by successive biographers have been cleared away. We now know far more about the truth of the poet's history than even those who wrote in the latter half of the eighteenth century. And in the volume before us we have the last results of long and patient enquiries by many scholars presented in a concise, yet clear and flowing, narrative, without superfluities and without omissions—omissions, that is, of authentic matter; for old-fashioned readers will miss many familiar legends which must henceforth, we suppose, be consigned to the Apocrypha. Nor will there be much new to those who have followed the investigations to which we have alluded. Yet, though the story is old, it will here be read with interest on account of its skilful arrangement and the purity of the writer's style. Those who have had to repeat an oft-told tale, and yet have endeavoured to do so with freshness, disdaining such air of novelty as eccentricity or paradox might confer, will understand the difficulties of Mr. Courthorpe's task, and the skill with which he has overcome them.

What is new, however, in this book is the criticism, which is valuable and suggestive. We especially commend to all readers the chapter on the "Essay on Criticism" and the remarks on Pope's use of the words "nature," "wit," and "sense." Mr. Courthorpe dwells at some length on Pope's place in the long procession of English poets, and points out with a lucidity and fulness not hitherto (so far as we know) given to this subject that the great change from seventeenth to eighteenth-century poetry was a casting-off of the mediæval and scholastic way of looking at nature and a return to the classical method of thought and expression, as especially seen in the disappearance of the conceits and allegories that swarm through so much of our poetry in the age of the first Stuarts. But we think that Mr. Courthorpe assigns to Pope too early a place in this work. He calls him the "pioneer" of the movement. We would rather compare him to the prince who comes in state over the road which the pioneer has made. The revolution (to change the figure) in thought and expression had been going on long before Pope was born, or Pope

would have been impossible. It began soon after the Restoration, when active minds turned from theology to science, when the prose of Milton and Taylor was changing into that of Locke and Tillotson, when Butler was simplifying expression and Waller smoothening metre, and when "glorious John," through his long literary life of drama, verse, and prose, was directing and illustrating its course; as we may easily see if we compare the tortuous forms of the stanzas on Cromwell with the direct expression of the fables, or the lines on Hastings, which are full of conceits, with "Alexander's Feast," where there is not one. Into such labours Pope entered. He was not the poor demagogue with whom revolutions begin, but the splendid autocrat with whom they end. He was not the Gracchus, but the Augustus of our literary Rome.

Pope's personal character, with its curious complexities and contrasts, has always had a fascination for the student of human nature. It is, perhaps, the best refutation of what Macaulay calls the "silly notion" that every man has a ruling passion which, once understood, will reduce all anomalies to order. Mr. Courthorpe justly dwells on the disadvantages of Pope's early life and his training "in a manner so independent of the life and institutions of his countrymen." He was practically an only child; and though, as we learn from his Aunt Cooper's will, he had plenty of cousins, he seems to have had no young society in his boyhood. The solitary life in Windsor Forest, the indulgence of elderly parents to his every whim, and his being brought up, as his biographer observes, "under the religious guidance of those who, themselves proscribed and persecuted, regarded with perhaps not unnatural indulgence the use of equivocation as an instrument of self-defence," were all unfavourable to the formation of an upright and candid character. Mr. Courthorpe seems to lament that Pope had not been sent to a public school, where he would at least have learned that lying and petty artifice are not popular vices.

"He knew nothing of that manly conflict between equals which does so much to strengthen and correct the character of boys at an English public school. He thus entered upon his struggle into society with a boundless appetite for fame; but with his vanity and self-will fostered by the admiring fondness of all about him, and with an ignorance of the measure applied by public opinion to the tricks and plots for which he had by nature a strong propensity."

But we shudder to think of Pope, with his delicate body and sensitive mind, at a public school, as schools then were. Dennis kindly bids him

"thank the good gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father had by law the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of his poem—the life of half a day."

We may perhaps "thank the good gods" that he was never sent to a great school, or his life had not seen two decades, and Mr. Courthorpe would now be employing his literary powers on some other subject. But would Pope have been so much the better for an education at Eton or Westminster, even

supposing him to have survived it? We have no reason to think that compulsory games were an institution of that comparatively unenlightened age; and if they had been, his infirmities would have excused him from participating in them. Hence his lot would inevitably have fallen among those "loafers" of whom we have heard so many hard things lately, and whom no voice has been raised to defend, though among the numerous readers of the *Times* they must have many secret sympathisers. Besides, the experiment was tried. Pope was sent to two schools, and was obliged to leave one of them for lampooning the master. What would have happened if he had lampooned a real head-master, or the still more dreaded potentate who held whatever position corresponded in those days to the captain of the eleven, and who was certainly strong, and possibly stupid? He would have found him a more terrible critic than Dennis, and his adherents worse foes than united duncehood. But no possible training could have eradicated Pope's innate love of deceit. Bitter early experience might have, perhaps, raised him to the moral level of Becky Sharpe, who, though when driven by necessity she could "lie very freely," yet reserved that power for critical occasions, and by preference employed truth. Pope by nature was more like Sir Francis Clavering: "It's my belief," said the exasperated Major Pendennis to that baronet, "you had rather lie than not." There are such people, and Pope was one of them. He had a natural talent for deceit, which, by assiduous practice, he had cultivated to high accomplishment; and he enjoyed his own performances as a skilful swordsman enjoys his thrusts, or a billiard player his strokes. No assertion of his can be safely credited without independent testimony; but he wrote one line about himself which is lustrous with truth:

"And thought a lie in verse or prose the same."

We usually associate mendacity with cowardice, with a dislike to a stand-up fight, and with disinclination to provoke open attack; yet Pope, though he sometimes shrank from the consequences of his own satire, cannot be called cowardly. He assaulted classes and persons with great openness. Peers and poets, judges and usurers, ladies of virtue and ladies of no virtue, all had their failings exposed by him; and when he said that the life of a wit was a warfare upon earth, he was speaking of what he both provoked and enjoyed. Mr. Courthorpe tells us in his account of the *Dunciad* how the work was kept back until the poet's enemies were roused to assail him by the chapter with the initials in Scriblerus. Like the matador, he would not condescend to attack the bull till it had been lashed to fury. It is plain, too, that he delighted in the sufferings he occasioned; and how keen these were we see from the stories respecting the first reception of the poem. Pope felt a perfect pleasure in the exposure of defects mental and bodily, of poverty, of shameful or ridiculous incidents in men's lives. Yet this was the man who had delicate sympathy for sorrow, and whose hand was so often opened to relieve want. As we read the *Dunciad* we seem to see men impaled by some relentless tyrant who gloated over their agonies. There they remain for ever. Their

sufferings are long over; but we shudder to think what they once endured, and wonder what kind of heart the man had who placed them there, and who rejoiced as he saw them quiver in torment while yet alive. No line of Pope's is more false than that in which he says:

"No creature feels so little as a fool."

Was it written to silence some thoughts of remorse for the pain he had inflicted?

But when we turn from Pope as he was towards his enemies to Pope as he was towards his friends, we seem to see another person. His hearty admiration of their merits, his absolute silence on their defects, his lifelong attachment to them, recall some antique ideal. If we knew of Bolingbroke, Swift, and Gay only through Pope's writings, what perfect beings would those very mixed characters seem! How this most irritable of the irritable genus, as Chesterfield calls him, lived with such men without quarrel or even coolness has often exercised our reflections, for they were not all quite easy persons to live with. St. John's fine-gentleman airs and the deep discontent which he thinly veiled over with quotations from Tully or Seneca, must have been sometimes rather trying. Gay was absent-minded, and often that dreariest of companions—a man who keeps harping on his supposed ill-usage by the world. What Swift was we know; yet, if we except some boyish tiffs with Wycherley and Cromwell, it does not appear that Pope ever quarrelled with anybody whom he had once heartily accepted as a friend. Death alone parted them. To be sure, there was Lady Mary Wortley Montague; but that, perhaps, was not so much a case of friendship as of what that eminent lawyer, Sir John Ellesmere, calls "the other thing." Of all the women of that day Lady Mary is the most interesting from her beauty, her talents, and the curious mystery that surrounds certain parts of her life; and, therefore, her relations with Pope have provoked much speculation. Mr. Courthope gives her own account of their rupture, but says nothing in the *Life* (though he does in the commentary) of Dilke's odd conjectures about Mrs. Pope and the unwashed linen. Perhaps Mrs. Pope had more to do with it than we know. She was a religious person, and would not be likely to look with favour on her darling son's infatuation for a married woman. We know how Pope's mother once violated hospitality by walking out of the room when Voltaire talked coarsely; and if Lady Mary talked as she sometimes wrote Mrs. Pope would not have encouraged intimacy. We are glad to see that Mr. Courthope finally dismisses as unworthy of credit all the scandal about Martha Blount, and explains reasonably enough Pope's enmity to Theresa. He thinks that the poet offered marriage to Martha; but we suspect that love had little serious part in Pope's life, though, of course, it was worn as an ornament to his verse and as a part of the necessary equipment of the poetic character.

There is a good chapter on Pope and the parliamentary opposition, in which (as if we could never have enough contrasts in this strange character) we see how the poet who had so carefully eschewed politics during the warm period of youth became in his declining years a violent partisan, and figured as a kind of philosopher and bard to the band of rising

patriots who clustered round Bolingbroke and Pulteney. They were mostly young, and all proved to be of that class of clever young men who, as a French saying has it, are always coming yet never arrive, for we turn in vain to the history of the subsequent years to find anything that these much-lauded persons—Cornbury, Lyttleton, Marchmont, and the rest—ever did to make themselves memorable. But, in fact, Pope was flattered by their attention, and he found in their regard some compensation for the friends whom death had taken away.

Mr. Courthope's volume concludes with an Index to the whole ten volumes of the work, which is now a perfect cyclopaedia of all matters literary and historical relating to Pope.

H. SARGENT.

Leaves of Life. By E. Nesbit. (Longmans.)

It may not be pretended that the expectation inspired by the quality of this writer's previous book has been realised in the present volume. Among these *Leaves of Life* is no poem that closely approaches the beauty of "The Singing of the Magnificat," none that in sustained dramatic power is quite equal to either "Tekel" or "Absolution" in *Lays and Legends*. But this much being said, we shall not further qualify the praise to which these later poems are greatly entitled. We say later in respect of publication; for we cannot resist a conviction that certain of the poems in the earlier collection, with their inherent indication of maturer powers, were, in respect of production, not anterior to the more important in the volume before us. Though discovering no advance on her former work, and nowhere quite attaining to its high-water mark, the present publication denotes no actual declension from the standard already achieved by the author.

Now, as heretofore, the prevailing characteristic of Miss Nesbit's poetry is its passionate sincerity. This distinctive note suggests Mrs. Browning, as at times too, but by no way of imitation, do Miss Nesbit's choice and treatment of her themes. The poems bear the impress of their author's individuality; and the character thus reflected is that of a vigorous and imaginative personality, especially sensitive and responsive to nature's influences and charms, but heavily weighted with a consciousness of the awful gravity of the life-problems of the time.

Miss Nesbit is a true lover of nature. Its language strikes on her heart "amidst unquiet thoughts and the tumult of the world," as Hazlitt says, "like the music of one's native tongue heard in some far-off country." Her poems on natural subjects are endued with grace and strength, and freshness and charm. They have the true poetic quality. For example, what could be better and daintier than her clear-cut, exquisite "Christmas Roses"?

"When all the skies with snow were gray,
And all the earth with snow was white,
I wandered down a still wood way,
And there I met my heart's delight
Slow moving through the silent wood,
The spirit of its solitude;
The brown birds and the lichen'd tree
Seemed less a part of it than she.

"Where pheasants' feet and rabbits' feet
Had marked the snow with traces small
I saw the footprints of my sweet—
The sweetest woodland thing of all.
With Christmas roses in her hand,
One heart-beat's space I saw her stand,
And then I let her pass, and stood
Lone in an empty world of wood.

"And, though by that same path I've passed
Down that same woodland every day,
That meeting was the first and last,
And she is hopelessly away.
I wonder was she really there—
Her hands, and eyes, and lips, and hair?
Or was it but my dreaming sent
Her image down the way I went?"

"Empty the woods are, where we met—
They will be empty in the spring;
The cowslip and the violet
Will die without her gathering.
But I dare dream one radiant day
Red rose-wreathed she will pass this way
Across the glad and honoured grass,
And then—I will not let her pass!"

Elsewhere, too, are intimations of the writer's consciousness that it is the memories habitually associated therewith that lie at the root of our attachment to natural objects and scenery, informing them with sentiment and sympathy.

While her poems afford occasional indication of the author's experience of soothing emotion, if not pure delight, in communing with nature, evidence is more frequent of the intrusion of

"those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things"

which, though the after-thought thereof bred in Wordsworth perpetual benediction, in active operation rudely interrupt and dispel the feeling of tranquillity and indwelling peace. Miss Nesbit had previously told us how for her a sterner cry ever mars the lark's song, and breaks the changeful music of the wood. She is no "singer of an empty day" whom it suffices that her

"murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate."

But her constraint to fight against "hydra-headed, rampant wrong" is, surely, too persistently present. The natural effect of the soft splendour and brooding calm of a September day is to inspire in the human heart a sense of autumn's own surpassing restfulness, to the temporary exclusion of everything that makes for sadness or disquiet. With Miss Nesbit, "On an Autumn Day," it is otherwise:

"In the mellow hush of the autumn days,
When summer is hardly dead,
When the corn is reaped and the hops are
picked,
And the woods catching fire glow red,
It is sweet to dream thro' a lazy noon,
With the great sky over my head.

"O the beautiful earth, O the pastures smooth,
The meadows quiet and fair,
The heaven of stillness and solitude
In the sun-warmed autumn air;
O, the ache of our hearts as we think of the
town
And the hearts that are aching there!"

Her hyper-sensibility could not fail to infect her poetry with sadness. It sometimes induces a false note. Such is the case in the poem "In Praise of Work"—a characteristic composition illustrating not inadequately the

fervour, as well as the occasional irony, of this writer.

"Good morning, dear! How the world is gay!
Kind sun, to shine on our holiday!
We'll wander away, my girl, my queen,
To where the meadows are fresh and green,
And where the blue-bells and wind-flowers
grow,
And forget the city that hurts us so.

"So—no more questions—just let us sit
And watch the sun and the gold of it
As it touches the trees and the greener grass;
Let us hear the laughing children pass,
And the song of the birds and the unsaid word
That in the city is never heard.

"So hurrah for work, and our masters dear,
Who give us four days in the whole long year—
Four days for hope and for love and for rest,
And the rest for work, the glorious and blest! . . .
God—hold our hand on the reckoning day
Lest all we owe them we should repay!"

Such an exclamation on the lips of a young workman spending his Whit-Monday holiday with his sweetheart amid the sights and scents and sounds of laughing summer, is as incongruous as the "Ça ira" would be in the mouths of Breton peasants while ingathering the harvest or keeping rustic festival. Now and then, however, Miss Nesbit does shake off this overpowering sense of the superfluity of human selfishness, and forgets to read into natural scenes what may not be found there. We would like to quote more than one of the shorter poems, but must content ourselves with "Whatever thy Hand findeth . . ."

"Red, red the sunset flames behind
The black, black elms and hedges,
All through the noon no least leaf stirred,
But crickets hummed and beetles whirled—
Now comes a breath of fresh, sweet wind
From silent pools and sedges.

"And through hot noon the reapers stand
And toil, with jests and laughter,
Beneath the blazing skies that burn.
Then, laughing still, they homeward turn
By threes and fours; and hand in hand
Go two that linger after.

"And here we linger hand in hand,
And watch the blackening shadows.
Had we been born to reap and sow,
To wake when swallows stir, and go
Forth in chill dawn to plough the land,
Or mow the misty meadows,

"Had that been nobler? Love of mine,
We still had only striven,
As now we strive, to do our best,
To do good work and earn good rest—
All work that's human is divine,
All life, lived well, makes heaven!"

"Treasure," the longest and most ambitious poem in the volume, and "The Ballad of Splendid Silence," reciting the heroic story of the patriot Renyi, display considerable dramatic instinct. In the latter, the skill with which Miss Nesbit has transmuted the tale of splendid sacrifice into song, without loss or exaggeration in the process, fulfils one of the most strenuous tests of poetic art. The former shows, too, deep psychological insight, but the effect of the poem is somewhat marred by its changes of measure. Here it may be said that the author's mastery of a considerable variety of metre is complete, and that the book throughout is remarkable for harmony. We take from "Treasure" our last quotation in illustration of what has already

been said as to the motive of this writer's poetry:

"For the core of the thing is this, though few
perceive it as yet—
We owe the labouring people a great unbearable
debt.
The debt of all that we are, and all we are not,
we owe
To the people who toiled unknowing, that we
untoiling may know:
Our knowledge, our strength, our soul, our very
body and blood,
We owe to these who have made us, shaped us
for ill or good,
And to them shall the debt be paid; and all that
they gave I will spend
For them. They have nourished me. They
shall find they have nourished a friend!
A friend? I will be the people, one heart and one
soul with these,
Who have lived hard lives and bitter, to give me
a life of ease."

Recent events have served to show an increasing force of humanitarian sentiment, and, in a less degree, a growing tolerance of socialistic aims. It is quite probable that the re-awakening among men of an unselfish regard for their fellows will exercise a profound influence on the poetry of the next generation. This new enthusiasm is largely reflected in Miss Nesbit's verse. But her outlook is always circumscribed; her insight often partial. She sees life neither "steadily" nor "whole." She apprehends and vividly realises its accidental aspects, but is too dimly conscious of its inmost serenities.

Now and then in these poems there are echoes from other singers. Thus, the opening of the "Marching Song" (on p. 35) recalls Macaulay's "Battle of Naseby," and the initial stanza of "The Kiss" (p. 44) more obtrusively suggests the Laureate's "St. Agnes' Eve." The slightness of the resemblance, however, may perhaps expose us to a charge of hypercriticism. Moreover, it is the possession of qualities rather than freedom from faults that constitutes a poet's chief title to recognition. It has been seen that Miss Nesbit has approved her possession of these in a notable degree in the two departments of poetry—the lyrical and the dramatic, which are far the most difficult for successful achievement.

JOHN F. ROLPH.

TWO BOOKS ON THE NEW WEST.

The New Far West and the Old Far East. By W. Henry Barneby. (Edward Stanford.)

Five Months' Fine Weather in Canada, Western U.S., and Mexico. By Mrs. E. H. Carbutt. (Sampson Low.)

THE reader who has pleasant memories of Mr. Barneby's *Life and Labour in the Far West*, published five years ago, will be glad to renew their acquaintance with so intelligent a *cicerone* in his second journey over part of the same ground which he describes in that useful work. His latest journey has, however, extended much farther than the one to which we refer. For he not only crossed the American continent by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, making on the route a detour northward along the Manitoba local line, but sailed to Cipango and Cathay, in the far east, and home by way of the Straits of Malacca, Ceylon, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean.

Of the latter portion of Mr. Barneby's "globe trotting" little need be said except that he notes the now somewhat familiar sights with the eye of an intelligent traveller; and, like everyone else, was charmed with the simple life of Japan, which, unfortunately, is vanishing before the senseless anxiety to adopt everything European without much consideration whether the new wine agrees with the old bottles or not. Here, as in America, he had the best opportunities of seeing the country, being in his various excursions accompanied by officials of distinction, so that his statements may be accepted as more "negotiable" than some of the hasty conclusions of less informed tourists.

But the part of Mr. Barneby's book to which we turn with most interest is that devoted to Western Canada. It is true that here he is again on well-trodden ground. But the world wags so fast in these longitudes that a lustrum is, so far as change is concerned, equivalent to a century in many less progressive regions. To go over one's old tracks in these parts is like witnessing the ways of posterity. Mr. Barneby is, moreover, no mere holiday sightseer. He is an Herefordshire squire who looks at lands and flocks and beeves with the eye of a specialist; and he is, above all, gifted with the art of telling what he finds to say in a fresh, unconventional, and unprejudiced manner. Accordingly, we feel that in examining with him the farms of Manitoba and the pastures of the farther West we are under the guidance of no puffing land speculator, but of an English country gentleman, without a thought except that of telling the truth, even when it would be to his interest to palm off upon the reader a modest alloy of that uncommon metal.

On the whole, the impression which we derive from the latest account of the Canadian North-west is that the country is making less rapid strides than might have been expected. The "land boom" is happily subsiding or is over, and many of the farmers who deserted the older provinces for the newer ones are finding that rainless summers and polar winters are not to their mind. The land seems still in a sort of flux, but will get gradually settled up after the waiters on Providence have got weeded out by a process of natural selection. Mr. Barneby owns property in this region. Yet he does not advise anyone who can get along at home to migrate to it, especially young, well-educated men, or people, no matter what their condition in life, much above forty. On these important questions chaps. vii.-ix. and xxi. are well worthy of attention. British Columbia is never likely to be an agricultural country, though the convenience which the railway affords has given an impetus to mining which promises great things for the future. The bunch grass, the virtues of which the reviewer was the first to describe, is disappearing, owing to the cattle cropping the annual before it has time to seed. The result is that where twenty years ago a hundred head of stock could be kept, not more than thirty can now find subsistence. The railroad has, of course, effected many changes in the province. Still, these are mainly in the immediate vicinity of the line. North and south, and especially to the

north of it, the wild lone land is not greatly altered. Some of the old romance still clings to it, though, we fear, the picturesque folk, whom we knew so well—in the sixties—are now getting grey, rich, and prosaic. In those days nobody was burdened with the cares of wealth; for the greater portion of British Columbia and Vancouver Island and the region east of the Cascades on to the Californian border was little more than a vast hunting ground, dotted with mining camps or roamed over by Indian tribes.

A glance at the excellent maps with which Mr. Barneby's book is so well supplied is almost depressing. There are embryonic cities on spots where, twenty-five years ago, we pitched rude camps with joyous men who are dead and gone, or "rebels on the hills"; and gorgeous hotels occupy places in primeval woods where more than once breakfast depended on whether a deer passed that way within the next hour or two. However, it is reassuring to see, from the plates, that nature is still much the same as of old; and almost cheerful—though this cheerfulness may not be shared by the British Columbians—to learn that the old trail along the wild banks of the Fraser is now more lonely than ever, and that for miles and miles the engine puffs through regions where scarcely a human being can be seen. But all this Mr. Barneby tells so fully that it is not necessary to do more than refer the reader to his pages.

Mrs. Carbutt's volume is neither so prettily got up nor so important as Mr. Barneby's well-illustrated narrative. It is, moreover, a woman's book, one of the prerogatives of the gentle author being to place her diary in the printer's hands without preface, table of contents, index, or division into chapters; so that it is a little difficult to follow the exact route she and her husband took. It seems that, after seeing the customary sights from Niagara Falls to the pigsticking place in Chicago, they went west by way of Minneapolis, the Yellowstone Park, and the North Pacific Railroad to Puget Sound. From this point they visited Banff on the Canadian Pacific Line; and, returning to Vancouver Island, went south to California, eastward to Salt Lake, south as far as Vera Cruz, and thence northward via the City of Mexico, New Orleans, and the Mississippi Valley to New York. Altogether, the tour extended over five months, and seems to have been productive of what the author's American friends would call "a real good time."

It would be unfair to criticise from a very lofty standpoint a narrative so pleasant and unpretentious, told with unvarying good nature, much Yorkshire shrewdness, and not unfrequently with considerable humour. The book is nothing more than a daily record of what the writer saw and heard in places on the great highways of the New World, what struck her as curious, of what she ate, and the kind of bedrooms in which she slept. Politics she does not ignore, as becomes a politician's wife; but those of the great Republic do not seem to have enamoured Mrs. Carbutt. Science is not affected. At Port Townsend, she remarks,

"We saw a horrid creature, a great octopus, clinging to a pile of the landing-stage. We thought there was another farther back under the platform, and there were also some enor-

mous white-sea anemones or fungi, some feet below the water, so that we could not see them clearly" (p. 75).

At Vancouver Island "we saw very funny-looking Indians" (p. 74), which is not ethnography of the most instructive description, any more than is the statement that the black slate in which the natives carve is "only found on the Hydah Indian reservation."

Still, these passages, which may be taken as a type of many others, if not very valuable, are not likely to be too critically scanned by the kind of readers who feel their intellectual needs sufficiently ministered to by the domestic narrative invented by the late Lady Brassey. This, though often imitated, has never yet been quite equalled in its gossiping confidences on private affairs in which no one has any reason to be interested, but which nevertheless seem to concern a wide circle of entire strangers. Mrs. Carbutt, however, comes very near this "Tom-and-the-dear-children" style of narrative; and perhaps if her pages had been reserved entirely for the family circle, the world could have borne the loss. But seeing that she entertains a different opinion, we feel bound to say that she describes the commonplace of an American tour with good taste, and in a manner so pleasant that to read her 243 pages is almost as entertaining as to have taken her five months' trip. Only we feel constrained to add that it would be well did she revise the spelling of many words should the volume ever be reprinted. For example, "Esquimaux" is not the usual way of writing "Esquimaux," while "torrido" (torredo), "Fort Moody," "Tynda," "Pulman," and so forth, strike the eye familiar with these names as a little peculiar.

ROBERT BROWN.

THE INTERVIEW AT BAYONNE.

Die Zusammenkunft von Bayonne. Das Französische Staatsleben und Spanien in den Jahren 1563-1567. Von Erich Mareks. (Strassburg.)

THE narrative and descriptive portions of this work are excellent. The chief incidents of the journey of Catherine de Medici and her court through France to Bayonne are well depicted. The characters given of the statesmen and actors in the events are lifelike portraits. The work is one of real historical research; but it is written almost exclusively from state documents and from ambassadorial reports. None of the sources of information of this kind seems to be overlooked; and if history could be fully written from state papers and the despatches of ambassadors we should have nothing but praise to give to this volume. But, with all his careful research and skill in composition and arrangement, the author seems to me to have made a mistake analogous to that of Mr. Froude in his History of Henry VIII. He does not seem to see that state papers may have a bias, an *idol*, of their own, and that this often needs to be corrected from sources very inferior in value as a whole, and that without these latter the entire situation can neither be comprehended nor described.

With all the sources of information open to them, with all their means of spying out the

secrets of the court, the agents and ambassadors of Spain were yet, in some respects, in the very worst position for judging the affairs of France as a whole. They could never understand how galling to all Frenchmen who were not under the dominion of religious fanaticism was the constant interference, and the attitude of authority and dictation assumed by their master towards the French government; while his interest undoubtedly was to keep the nation weak. They could see nothing but heretics and rebels in the leaders of the reformed party; and the moderates, such as the Chancellor l'Hôpital, were to them even worse—more dangerous enemies than the avowed heretics. Thus it comes about that while the narrative of events is excellently done—while I find myself in full agreement with the author in the interpretation of details—I differ widely from him on the situation as a whole. Important parts of the history are almost neglected. The position of Navarre both in its political and religious aspects, as a stronghold of the reformed party and a scene of persecution of the Catholics, is not sufficiently kept in view. Yet it was from Béarn and Navarre that the real ruler of the situation ultimately came.

Our author concludes his history in September, 1567. Only thus, he says, can artistic unity be given to a historical picture of the Interview at Bayonne. This may be so from an aesthetic point of view. But, putting aside the question whether the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had been decided on at Bayonne or not, it was still the crisis, the outcome to which all the events of the years immediately preceding inevitably tended; and their history to be understood must be read in the light of its lurid flames. I agree with much that the author says about the engagements entered into at Bayonne by Catherine with Alba and the King of Spain. He proves clearly that there was some engagement; that Catherine held out long against it; that it was only in the last hours, when forced on the one side by the overmastering strength of Alba's imperious will, and on the other by her affection for and by the pleadings of her daughter, that Catherine yielded. I allow that the interpretation of the phrase, "que an de martillar estos eresiaras," in Alava's letter of June 4, 1565, is unduly pressed by Combes. It would be just as unfair to force the etymological meaning of our English word "thrashing"; but that the engagement entered into was of greater import than any act of Catherine down to September, 1567, will cover seems to me equally plain. There is nothing at all in her conduct up to that date which in the least required to be communicated by Philip to the pope as a secret to be rigorously kept between them alone. To put aside Alba's letter of September 10, 1572, as if he would naturally claim credit for having advised the St. Bartholomew, whether he had done so or not, seems to me wholly to misunderstand Alba's character, and to treat him as if he were a newspaper correspondent of the present day.

It certainly appears to me that Catherine did enter into some engagement or promise with Philip beyond the ordinary engagements of international policy even of that day. That the details of the St. Bartholomew

massacre were then arranged I do not believe; and I agree with our author that, whatever the engagement was, Catherine would allow herself to be bound by it only according to circumstances. I concur in the statement that the suspicions, founded or unfounded, aroused by the interview wrought almost as much harm to Catherine's cause as the knowledge of the most atrocious compact would have done. But it seems to me that our author overlooks other factors. Catherine was an Italian, and a daughter of the Renaissance. The complaints on all sides of her religious indifference are too frequent to be neglected. That she would have granted equal toleration from any high moral or religious point of view I do not think for a moment; but that for the peace of herself and security of her kingdom, she would have granted something practically like it, as a *modus vivendi* between the two parties, seems to me to be the only valid explanation of her conduct. But in this she was thwarted as much by the Huguenots as by the party of the Guises. The conduct of Coligny and the Huguenots when at court (p. 51) seems to have made the same impression on the young Charles IX. as the behaviour of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers made on the youthful Charles II. of England. Our author does not seem to feel how the sermons and invectives of the Huguenots declaring that the Papists were idolators, coupled as these were with allusions to the conquest of the Canaanites by Joshua, and to the injunctions of the Old Testament to hold no truce with idolators, would sound in the ears of the Catholic party. One cause of the great trouble of the times undoubtedly was that each party believed itself to be in possession of the numerical majority of the nation. The Huguenots seem to have deceived themselves most in this respect. Coligny asserts that two-thirds of the nation were Protestant. Monluc, with more truth, declares that five-sixths were still Catholic. Even in Béarn and Navarre, I believe that the Catholics, secret or avowed, had always the preponderance in numbers. Still the fact was at the time so doubtful that each party, as swayed alternately by hope or panic, exaggerated its own, or the numbers of its opponents, so that it was extremely difficult for the rulers to discover on which side the majority really lay. I believe that the proposal of Catherine for a marriage of her daughter with Henry of Navarre was honestly meant to establish a *modus vivendi*—some sort of toleration between the parties. But this was met by the demand of the Estates of Béarn, October, 1571, to prohibit "à peine de vie de faire à l'avenir en tout le pais, publiquement ou secrètement, aucun exercice de la Papauté" (Bordenave, *Histoire de Béarn et Navarre*, p. 319, seq. Paris, 1873); and this, against the advice of some of her best statesmen, Jeanne d'Albret seems to have confirmed. Such a step must have appeared to the ultra-Catholics as a decree of internecine war; from the moderates it would take away all hope of mutual toleration. This spirit, and the threats and insolent bearing of the Huguenots in Paris, suddenly determined Catherine to recur to the advice of Alba at Bayonne; and fear, as usual, making men cruel, the massacre was perpetrated. All the chief writers on Philip II. allow that he

thought himself justified in ordering the assassination of any of whose guilt or treason he was really convinced, though there might be no legal proof of it. (For what may be urged against this view, see *Nueva Luz y Justicia Verdadera sobre Philippe II.*, por J. F. Montana, p. 453, seq. Madrid, 1882.) The whole probabilities point to some such advice having been given to Catherine by Alba at Bayonne, and reluctantly consented to by her, but still with no fixed resolution to abide by her word under all circumstances. Certainly I cannot accept the date of September, 1567, as completing the issues of that Interview.

On the festal and local character of the Interview, which is almost neglected by our author, a work has just been published by M. E. Ducéré, of Bayonne, which gives a full history of these fêtes, and an exhaustive bibliography of what has been written on them (*Bulletin of the Société des Sciences et Arts de Bayonne*, 1888-1889). For the mere diplomatic history of the Interview no better or fuller account can be found than that given in this volume.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

A Hardy Norseman. By Edna Lyall. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Reputed Changeling. By Charlotte M. Yonge. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Curse of Carne's Hold. By G. A. Henty. In 2 vols. (Spencer Blackett & Hallam.)

Colonel Russell's Baby. By Ellinor Davenport Adams. (Walter Smith & Innes.)

Wronged. By Charles H. Eden. (Remington.)

Barbara Leybourne. By Sarah Selina Hamer. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Fernier.)

A Splendid Egotist. By Jeannette H. Walworth. (Deane.)

The Blood White Rose. By B. L. Farjeon. (Trischler.)

THE title of our first novel is at once catching and misleading. Frithiof Falck is tall and broad-shouldered; he has a fair skin, light hair and moustache, and blue eyes; he is very erect and energetic in his bearing; his features are "of the pure Greek type not unfrequently to be met with in Norway"; and, speaking generally, he has the physical characteristics of one of those Vikings whom Mr. Du Chaillu has made the centre of another historico-ethnological controversy. He has his misfortunes in love, family, and career; and he meets them by bending and not breaking, as most young Englishmen would meet them. But there is nothing specially heroic in his conduct; on the contrary, he, at one time, contemplates an escape from his troubles, which is the reverse of heroic. But, in spite of its title, *A Hardy Norseman* is a remarkably well-constructed and pleasant story. Of the more elaborate of the books which Edna Lyall has published it is the best, in the sense of being the most decidedly a novel. There is not so much of moral earnestness, of "Donovan," of preaching certain doctrines through certain characters, as there is in the majority of the books which have given Edna

Lyall her special reputation and *clientèle*. A little of this, indeed, is supplied by Carlo Donati, a marvellous Italian "Knight Errant," who teaches Frithiof such doctrines as—"It is hard to seek God in uncongenial surroundings, in a life harassed and misunderstood, and in apparent failure. But—don't let the hardness daunt you—just go on." *A Hardy Norseman* is, however, all the better for this omission, or deficiency. The action of the story shifts easily from Norway to London, and from London to Norway. Frithiof's disciplinary misfortunes are of an ordinary kind. He learns what English flirtation, snobbishness, and selfishness are, with the help of Blanche Morgan, who jilts him, and of her father, who, after using him and his relatives for holiday purposes, has no objection whatever to letting ruin descend upon them. He makes the acquaintance of English vulgarity in the person of James Horner, the partner of Boniface, the music-seller. His troubles bring him to death's door. He is even suspected of a petty theft. Then, of course, when things are at their blackest, Frithiof's prospects begin to mend, and finally fortune smiles upon him. This is all as it should be, and as it has been a thousand times. But a variety of essentially fresh scenes and characters are mixed up with the evolution of this familiar story. From the first, one sees that the Falck brother and sister, Frithiof and Sigrid, are made for the Boniface sister and brother, Cecil and Roy; and a pre-sentiment of the unions that are certain to be accomplished at the end of the third volume somewhat disturbs one's appreciation of the plot. But it is marriages of this kind that are made in heaven and "religious drawing-rooms." The music, the poetry, the morality, and the character-development which distinguish *A Hardy Norseman* are certain to make it a favourite in such drawing-rooms; but it will be enjoyed elsewhere as well.

It is not very easy to take an "Heir of Redcliffe" view of the latest work of its author; but it is very easy to weigh it in the balance as a historical novel, and to find it wanting in nothing. In *A Reputed Changeling* there are no wearisome digressions, nor is there a superfluity of historical drapery and stage properties, as in far too many stories dealing with the period of the English Revolution. From first to last the centre of interest is the unfortunate boy, Peregrine Oakshott, the reputed changeling, who, persecuted by male and female impersonations of cruelty and ignorance, becomes at times the imp of Satanic mischief; he is all but universally pictured, although he shows himself, under wise and loving treatment, capable of almost poetic imaginings and not ignoble action. Every seven years a crisis takes place in his life; the last ends in his death, while performing what in his case is an act of reparation and self-sacrifice. A number of historical personages, from Charles I. and Christopher Wren to Cutts, Dutch William's "salamander," are introduced very skilfully into the plot of *A Reputed Changeling*. The abduction of Anne Woodford in the second volume by Peregrine Oakshott, converted by Jacobite sleight of hand into the Marquis de Pilpignon, leads to an admirable presentation of the Isle of Wight when it was a nest of hunted and

desperate men, who combined smuggling with treasonable conspiracy. Happily, however, one never loses sight of the personal characteristics of Peregrine, whatever be his misfortunes—on one occasion he seems to be killed by Charles Archfield, his successful rival for the hand of Anne Woodford—and whatever be the disguises he is compelled to assume. He is a wonderful combination of tragedy and comedy. In his account of his own adventures at the French court there is, at least, the accent of Flibbertigibbet. In the now large and well-filled gallery of Mrs. Yonge's characters, there are none better than Anne Woodford, her mother, and the changeling himself. For a villain, Sedley Archfield is rather a disappointment.

Mr. Henty seems, in *The Curse of Carne's Zold*, to have fallen between two stools. He has written a boys' book—for adults. It is interesting, full of adventure, readable, and well written—Mr. Henty could not publish a book that has not these characteristics. But yet the reading of it leaves a sense of dissatisfaction. For one thing, the pervading idea is a very familiar one. The curse of Carne's hold is the old one of hereditary insanity, which has either to blaze or to wear itself out. Then we have had so much of South Africa in recent fiction that the adventures of Roland Mervyn in the second volume, though they are, no doubt, necessary to secure him a wife, and to prove that he is not insane, rather pall upon the reader. The secret of the murder of Margaret Carne, which makes Mervyn an exile and a non-commissioned officer, is, however, remarkably well kept. Almost to the end of the second volume one is under the same impression as Mervyn, that the murderer is the man whose knife was found at the bedside of the murdered woman. But when next Mr. Henty writes for men and women he should think more of character and less of adventure.

There is a great deal of cleverness in *Colonel Russell's Baby*, but there is also a good deal of straining after effect, which is none the less irritating that it is straining after naturalness. Altogether the impression that the reading of it leaves behind is one of much ado about very little. A clever girl becomes the pupil of Colonel Russell—a soldier whose character seems modelled on that of General Gordon, and who, when at home, teaches Latin as conscientiously as when on service abroad he leads his men to glory or death. Lily becomes his favourite pupil, and "baby." He loves her, misunderstands her, and morally, no less than intellectually, overtakes her. The result of the "system" pursued by this very superior McChoakumchild is the severe illness of Lily. Colonel Russell throws up the prospect opened up to him of distinguishing himself in the field as he has never before done, to nurse her and restore her to health and her father. He succeeds—and that is all. As a story *Colonel Russell's Baby* is not much to speak of, though it is a painfully careful study of a hyper-sensitive child. The portraits of Colonel Russell and of a friend of his—a gruff and remorseless doctor—show that their author has a keen eye to natural nobility of character.

There is a superabundance of hot Spanish blood and of blood-letting in *Wronged*, and perhaps on that account the plot lacks in cohesion and compactness. Two murders and an act of self-sacrifice on the part of the chivalrous bull-fighting hero—which, when due consideration is given to the manner in which it is performed, is a suicide—are sufficient incidents for a story that extends to only 300 pages of large type. There is hardly room, therefore, for the introduction into it of a Carlist intrigue, conducted by Prior Anselmo, who aims at being another Richelieu or Mazarin. It is, indeed, an impediment to the advance of the story rather than anything else. It ends in nothing—or in a *cul de sac*, which is worse than nothing. Prior Anselmo, indeed, manages to conceal from the "wronged" hero that he is not Pedro Navajo, the son of a Galician wrecker, but Piers Mordaunt, the heir of an English landowner; but he does not secure for "the cause" the wealth on which he lays such stress. The apparently subsidiary and secondary events of the story—the murder of Sancho Navajo by his enemy Gomez, the vengeance executed on Gomez by Sancho's friend Fernand, the cholera scare, and the final bull fight—are presented with artistic power, yet of the melodramatic kind. Although Anselmo appears out of place in this book, his portrait as that of an ecclesiastical fanatic and intriguer whose courage does not fail him even in the hour of defeat, and when he is confronted by his enraged victim, is boldly and skilfully executed. Altogether, *Wronged* is at once a readable and an unsatisfactory book.

Barbara Leybourne is an unambitious story, following in the main conventional lines, and it is also a story with a distinct religious purpose. But there is a great deal of quiet power in it notwithstanding. The disillusionment of Philip Thornton and Barbara Leybourne—involved in the discovery that Phemie Moss and Anthony Southern are worthy only of each other—which is necessary to bring about their union, is, of course, one of the most familiar of novelists' devices. But it is well worked out, and it includes at least one incident of a startling character. The heroine is publicly whipped for having assaulted a woman who had insulted her, and the man who acts as the instrument of justice is her husband *in posse*. The story is supposed to be one of "eighty years ago," when such a punishment was a possibility; but it is not one out of which literary capital has been made before now. This painful, and, indeed, repellent incident is, however, managed with almost perfect delicacy. Old Steele, Barbara's miserly and selfish grandfather, whose character improves under her influence, is an original sketch. Altogether, *Barbara Leybourne* is greatly superior to ordinary books of the school of fiction to which it belongs, and, besides, marks a genuine advance on the part of its author.

A Splendid Egotist is a very decided improvement upon *That Girl from Texas*. It is better planned, better written, and freer from New York—or, should one say, Philadelphia?—literary mannerisms. The plot, it is true, is not remarkable for freshness. Mrs. Randall Mackaye is not the first wife who, like Lady Byron, has left her husband because he has

let fall some word which indicates that in his opinion she is an impediment to his professional and social advance. Mackaye's egotism—which, to begin with, is essentially sordid and not splendid—is so transparent and his vanity is so insufferable that it seems inconceivable that a girl of such spirit and such insight into character as Marianne Grayson could ever have fallen in love with him, much less that she should have consented to sink the wife in the housemaid after marriage. The author of *A Splendid Egotist* has, however, set herself to write a pleasant story not too full either of character or of startling situations, and she has achieved a remarkable success with the human documents at her disposal. She makes Mackaye weak, foolish, incorrigibly self-indulgent, conceived as only a second-rate sculptor, in love with himself first and his own pseudo-ideals next, can be. But she does not allow him to develop into a blackguard, as poor Jeanne Lenox's essentially childish fancy for him might easily have allowed him to do. Here she is true to her original conception of Mackaye. He had not the courage to be a scoundrel. Then Miss (Mrs.?) Walworth is kind enough to give Jeanne Lenox a husband, and to reconcile Marianne with Randall before killing him in a railway accident and so preparing the way for Dr. Milbank. Marianne's development into the best known lady artist in Florence is rather too rapidly accomplished, and seems quite unnecessary even for the delectation of the ordinary circulating library lovers of good endings, for whom *A Splendid Egotist* is obviously written. Marianne, her doting father, and Jeanne's clever *intrigante* of a French maid, are the best portraits in the story. They are of a conventional kind, but there is originality in their poses.

Although "thirty-fifth thousand" appears on the title-page of *The Blood White Rose*, the amount of the detective "business" in its plot would seem to prove that it is new. It is a very poor specimen of Mr. Farjeon's work, exhibiting almost all his literary faults and none of his literary virtues. The plot is confused; the incident of the drugged cigar is badly told; and the detective, Flowers, is as long-winded as Inspector Bucket, and has none of Bucket's force of character. Above all things, one gets thoroughly tired of the scoundrel-villain of the story, Maurice Fielding, with his maudlin tears, his selfishness, and his lack of moral courage. It is really too bad of Mr. Farjeon—and it is very unlike him—to let such an angel as Mary be seduced by and, subsequently, married to so contemptible a creature. The mysterious Preston or Howarth is, even when drunk, an artistic failure; and, as for the successful scoundrel, Barrington, he is but a ghost. It seems reasonable, and is charitable, to infer from the leading characteristics of *The Blood White Rose* that it has been written in haste, doubtless to be repented of at leisure.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

The Latin Gate: a First 'Latin Translation Book. By Edwin A. Abbott. (Seeley.) Dr. Abbott is an enthusiast for Latin as an educational engine, yet he can see that the study of Latin is in danger. It is in danger of suicide

rather than of murder; that is to say, it does not rouse in the middle-class public the animosity which Greek has so unaccountably incurred. It does not drive the ardent votaries of modern languages to the frenzy which compulsory Greek causes to them; but it suffers "from uninteresting methods of teaching, and from the misapplication of time and energy to the acquisition of mechanical rules and forms which have stupefied instead of stimulating" (Preface, p. 11). So strongly does Dr. Abbott feel this that, except in schools where the pupils "have ample leisure to make a literary acquaintance with Latin, and desire to attain skill in advanced Latin composition," he sees "no choice but either to reform the study of Latin or to exterminate it"; and the latter course he considers would be a "deplorable calamity." From this dilemma he would extricate us by guiding learners to Latin *via* English and French, and spending on translation at least one-third of the time now misapplied to Latin composition. Few, we think, will deny that some reform is urgently needed. It is piteous to think what hours—nay, what years—are devoted to a method of learning Latin which succeeds very well in discriminating the scholar from the ordinary reader, but at the cost of almost total failure to get hold of the mind of the latter at all. It is very difficult to maintain Latin as a staple of education, so long as it is taught in a way that, for two-thirds of boys, gives no taste for reading the language, small sense of its philological affinities; but cultivates patience, or impatience, by making us learn a mass of apparently arbitrary exceptions to irrational rules. Dr. Abbott would have our teaching in Latin far more oral than it is. He would teach its vocabulary through French and English—we are glad to see that he reminds us (p. 8) that boys are amazingly ignorant of their own language, and that their English wants this oral practice as much as their French and their Latin—and he would fill the memory as it becomes receptive with the proverbial wisdom of the Latins, their "aculeate sayings." To Dr. Abbott the true test of knowledge of Latin is power to translate at sight. It is, indeed, very curious to think how often, under the old system, a boy could actually write Latin better than he could read a Latin author. A good test of polished scholarship was mistaken for an educational ideal for the many. Power to read Latin easily and correctly is, for ordinary humanity, a far more practical and useful ideal than power to write it. The first six chapters (pp. 1-90) are really rather for teachers than for pupils, though they are to be used by reference in subsequent lessons. The author regards chap. ii., "Helps for Translation," as in some sort a summary of his method; chaps. iii. and iv. point out the presence and the changes of Latin in English and French respectively; chaps. v. and vi. deal with the two problems, "How to Master a Latin Word," and "How to Translate a Latin Sentence." All these chapters are most interesting reading, full of stimulus to the teacher, for whom—as we said—they are primarily intended. It strikes us, however, that Dr. Abbott thinks his method easier than it really is. It is not hard, perhaps, to a teacher to whom Latin is a living interest; but to the numerous teachers to whom it is a dead discipline this vivaciously oral method, this thinking in three languages at once, would be a grave difficulty. But the graduated "reading lessons," passing from the fully annotated "aculeate sayings" (pp. 91-100) through Phaedrus to the First Book of Caesar are capital, and accompanied by the most suggestive comments. The use of this book is to make learners go fast, and teachers stop to think. If it achieves the success of making the latter teach like Dr. Abbott, the study of Latin

in middle-class schools will have a long reprieve.

Sermo Latinus. Key to Selected Passages. By J. P. Postgate. (Macmillan.) We have before now expressed a doubt whether the publication of Keys to a book like *Sermo Latinus* is a service of the best kind to classical education. It is very difficult to keep such books out of the reach of pupils; and, for the teacher, we doubt if they do not save his time at the expense of his intellect. No brilliancy of the versions in the Key—and most of these are very brilliant—will give him that insight into the difficulties of the passage which an attempt by himself will provide. Not that we are insensible of the stimulating effect of such versions, e.g. as that by Mr. Whitelaw (p. 14) of Landor's description of the retreat from Moscow, or Mr. Archer Hind's (p. 26) reproduction of Lord Brougham in the guise of Cicero. But the use of models, not to stimulate, but to save effort, is a trap into which teachers walk too readily. Like Mr. Sidgwick, Mr. Postgate is an enthusiast for the educational value of Latin prose. He thinks that "its *nuda simplicitas* goes straight to the point," and that "controversies in England would often dissolve into emptiness . . . if the disputants could convert them into the direct and concrete expression of a language like Latin." Well, "try it in Latin," is not a bad disciplinary rule for English style; but to be trained and fostered upon classical composition has, by Mr. Postgate's own showing, not saved the intelligent youth of England from slovenly thinking and ambiguous speaking. His denunciation (part i., pp. 6-7, note) of French and German and their educational advocates seems to us to hide a useful truth under a mound of prejudice. To grasp in imagination the old world as well as the new is incomparably better, even for a knowledge of the new world, than to study the new world only. But to argue that the growth of the Anglo-Saxon race will soon make Englishmen as little think of learning French or German as they now do of learning Dutch or Welsh is a piece of Chauvinism which really satirises what it is meant to extol. When the Anglo-Saxon race has grown so big that it despises the study of French and German, its gigantic physical dimensions will certainly be coupled with a giant's intellectual torpor. The idea that Greek and Latin studies will flourish and abound in such a soil is surely an academic delusion. You cannot really profit classical learning or general intelligence by despising French and German.

The Hecuba of Euripides. Edited by Cecil H. Russell. (Oxford: Clarendon Press) In this edition, according to the now prevalent custom, the text and notes are printed separately, and capable of being bound apart—a considerable recommendation in the case of a play so widely used for educational purposes as the *Hecuba*. If Mr. Russell is correct (Introd. p. 13) the three most popular of Euripides's dramas for acting were found to be, eventually, the *Hecuba*, the *Phoenissae*, and the *Orestes*. We should say that for literary, as apart from theatrical, purposes, the *Hecuba* was easily first of the three. Mr. Russell spares us a long exordium (his whole introduction is but nine short pages), and studies to give all necessary facts in a compendious form. We are glad to see him referring his readers (p. 10) to Browning's "Aristophanes' Apology," for the brief held so excellently for the poet Euripides by Balaustion. The notes (pt. ii., pp. 3-6,) seem to us, amid much that is good, not to have avoided the defect of construing far too many words for which the lexicon is the true resource; e.g., on l. 6, what mere time-serving the note is! how trivial those on ll. 43, 60, 227, 243, with their cross references; 803, 804, 813, 844! In all

these cases one sees what Mr. Russell wished to explain; but the supposed difficulties are just those which the learner should be allowed, or forced, to solve for himself. On ll. 21-2, there is a piece of slipshod grammar. After explaining that "Εκτορος ψυχή = the great Hector (which we take leave to doubt), Mr. Russell proceeds: "Such periphrases are not pleonastic . . . being adjectival in character." But the periphrasis is not adjectival, though it might be argued that one of its components is. Neither are we quite sure that the combination of easy with more advanced notes (the latter being inclosed in brackets) is a very happy one. Nevertheless, the notes are certainly not burdensome in quantity or style, and the printing, both of text and notes, is excellent. The addition of double indices, for the Greek and for the English of the notes, is highly convenient.

Livy XXII., by M. S. Dimsdale; *Lucretius V.*, by J. D. Duff; *Homer Odyssey X.*, by G. M. Edwards; *Herodotus VI.*, by E. Shuckburgh; *Euripides Hippolytus*, by W. S. Hadley. These five admirably printed and neatly bound little books come from the Pitt Press, which is fast rivalling the Clarendon Press in the production of school books. Three of them are continuations of previous editions by the same authors, and we need not review them at length. We may, perhaps, observe that Mr. Edward's *Odyssey X.* seems to us better than his *Odyssey IX.*; that Mr. Dimsdale's work would be better if it were more independent; and that Mr. Shuckburgh's *Herodotus VI.* is well suited to the digestion of a schoolboy. Mr. Duff's *Lucretius V.* is a scholarly work; but gives the learner far too much help in the way of parsing and translation, and far too little information about the weightier points of knowledge. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Duff has some experience of the Cambridge Locals, and is writing with the fear of them before his eyes. Mr. Hadley's *Hippolytus* is the exact opposite. The reader here has his fill of textual criticism and refined scholarship. Whether all this is quite suited to schoolboys may perhaps be doubted; but the book is one from which many advanced scholars may learn, and which does something for the improvement of the text. In particular, we would call attention to Mr. Hadley's defence of the difficult connexion of thought in the lines immediately after 477.

Euripides' Iphigenia among the Taurians. Edited by Isaac Flagg. (Boston, U.S.: Ginn.) The plan, which is now finding favour in England, of printing school editions of plays double—i.e., the text in one small volume, and the notes in another, its counterpart in size, but not in colour—seems to have been adopted in America "with a difference." We have here a simple edition of the text in paper covers; and an edition of the text, with pretty copious notes at the foot of the page, bound in cloth, but otherwise of the same dimensions as the simple text. The object is, we suppose, that teachers shall have the latter, while pupils shall construe from the former. We doubt the success of this plan. The foot-notes are the real mistake. Let all notes be relegated to another volume, never put below the text of a school book. It is by a curious misadventure that the poet's name is mis-spelt, "Euripedes" in the large gold-lettered title of the cloth edition. The long introduction to the play (pp. 3-53) contains a good deal of useful information, couched in language that seems to us ill-suited for the ordinary student. For instance, what will he make of the statement (p. 25) that "implicitness is the very soul and conscience of serious dramatic workmanship"? Dare he imitate the grammar of the following: "Paradoxically stated, the spectator of a

Euripidean tragedy has to sit out a portion of the performance before the performance begins." Need a simple thought be veiled by describing Euripides' dramas as "emanating from a mind in which the synthetic impulses of the poet were liable to frequent disturbance by conscious speculative ratiocination"? Style, like thought, is, or should be, free; but, still, some styles are less well suited to educational books than others. Nevertheless, we think Mr. Flagg's comments on the *Iphigenia* are mostly just, and often well expressed. He thinks it "the most faultless" of the poet's extant works, "one of the most charming of dramas, and especially well fitted, with its spirited adventure, thrilling suspense, and delightful, happy ending, to captivate the minds of young and ingenuous readers." This is high praise, perhaps too high. The play falls short of charm we think. There is a little too much craft in it, too much plotting, and not enough action, to make it a real joy to the young. Still, it is an admirable piece of work, and a slight over-rating of his author sits well on an editor. The notes appear to us to range from the very useful to the quite superfluous; e.g., on l. 2, we are gravely told that "ἄριστος must be construed with μέλλω; the only possible alternative being to take it with γαμέει"! Such notes are really sins. They save the student the faintest effort of the mind, without which neither the study of Greek nor of anything else avails at all. So again, l. 407, why should the student be told the meaning of πόσιος? And why write at all the notes that are appended to lines 699, 702, 1021, 1333? There are, altogether, rather more notes than are needed. A word of praise ought to be given to the printing, both of the Greek and the English, especially that of the former, which is excellent.

The Irregular Verbs of Attic Prose. By Addison Hogue. (Boston: Ginn.) This work "makes no claim to originality other than in the arrangement of its materials" (Preface, p. vii.). It consists of (a) an introduction as to verb formation, then (b) of irregular verbs: (1) their tenses in Attic prose, with examples; (2) their compounds in use; (3) their derivatives of all sorts; (4) complete and practical indices. It is interesting, and contains a good deal of carefully collected material; certain additions to Veitch, and passages of arms with the author of *The New Phrynichus* (Preface, p. viii.; pp. 84 and 133) are well worth considering. Mr. Hogue seems to us to establish, as against Mr. Rutherford, that ἐν in the optative, infinitive and participle can be either present or future. But if the book is meant for students (Preface, p. vii.), it errs in giving indiscriminate information in too garrulous a form. What student really needs, in a book of this sort, disquisitions like those on pp. 27, 54, 63-4, 49, 152, on antiquarian, grammatical, ecclesiastical, and scientific subjects? It would be well, too, that the authors' names should be appended to each instance, and full references given. Quotations, again, from the Greek Testament seem irrelevant, the subject of the book being considered. We may note in passing that the instance ofzeugma, on p. 101 (ἀλλήλους) is not a good one, the term being usually confined to verbs. On p. 131, sec. ex. d, the instance of prolepsis is of the poorest kind. On p. 139, the reference of μέντις to μέντοιμα is doubtful, and the obtruded fact about Mr. Froude quite superfluous, though, if it were given, the reference (*Short Studies*, iv. 432) should have been added. On p. 155, the dactylic foot is misprinted as -- o. Nor can we think that the reason given on p. 250 is strong enough to justify the simultaneous use of Sokrates, Perikles, Alcibiades, and

Thucydides. On the whole, the book is not so complete, by a good deal, as Veitch's similar treatise.

NOTES AND NEWS.

HERR GUSTAV FREYTAG'S *The Crown Prince and the German Imperial Crown* is being translated into English, and will be issued in a few weeks by Messrs. Bell.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is preparing for press a collection of his recent speeches on the Irish Question, which will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. have in the press General Gordon's *Diary of the Tai-ping Rebellion*, edited by Mr. Egmont Hake, with portrait, maps, and plans.

A NEW book of poems by the Earl of Rosslyn, with a short introduction by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, will be published next week by Messrs. Remington. The volume is dedicated, in a sonnet, to the Queen.

MRS. JAMES CAIRD (Mona Caird) is writing a new novel, the scene of which is partly laid in the neighbourhood of the Temple.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE has just completed a novel which will be issued early in December by Messrs. Henry & Co. The same firm have in the press a new work of adventure by Olive Holland, entitled *Raymi*; or, the Children of the Sun. It will be illustrated by Percy G. Ebbutt.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have in the press a sensational story by Mr. J. E. Mud-dock, entitled *The Dead Man's Secret*; or, the Valley of Gold, being a narrative of strange and wild adventure, compiled and written from the papers of the late Hans Christian Feldge, Mate.

MR. ARTHUR GILMAN has now completed his long-promised *Story of Boston*, which will be issued in the course of a few days, in the "Great Cities of the Republic" series, by Messrs. Putnam's Sons. The same publishers also announce for early publication *Lectures on Russian Literature*, by Ivan Panin; and a treatise on the Constitutional Law of the United States.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHNEN will publish in a few days, as an introduction to their "Library of Philosophy," a translation of Dr. Erdmann's *History of Philosophy*, in three volumes, by Dr. W. S. Hough and others.

A NEW work, entitled *Stories and Sketches of Native Life in India*, by J. Ewen, author of the "Handbook to Benares," is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co. will publish in a few days the second volume of *North Country Poets*, edited by Mr. William Andrews, president of the Hull Literary Club. Critical and biographical notices of nearly fifty modern poets will be given.

MESSRS. NISBET & Co. will begin on November 14 to publish weekly, in pamphlet form, at a penny, the sermons of the Rev. John McNeill.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEN & Co. will issue very shortly a second edition of Mr. George Barlow's epic, *The Pageant of Life*.

MR. FOGERTY, the author of "Robert Leeman's Daughters," has made arrangements to re-issue his previous novels in a more popular style. *Countess Irene*, the first volume of the series, will be published in about a month by Messrs. J. S. Virtue & Co., and also by Messrs. Appleton & Co., in New York.

MAJOR MARTIN SHARP HUME, whose annotated edition of a curious Spanish chronicle of

Henry VIII. was reviewed in the ACADEMY of March 16, has been commissioned to edit for publication in the Rolls series an English version of an important mass of Spanish state papers, comprising the correspondence between Philip II. and his agents in England during the greater part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

PROF. A. FARINELLI, who is going to deliver the Barlow lectures on Dante at University College, has been made a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy, in acknowledgment of his services to Italian literature.

ON November 8 Lieut.-Col. S. C. Pratt, R.A., was installed as master of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge of Freemasons, in succession to Mr. William Simpson. Of this lodge of authors and students, Mr. Walter Besant still continues to be treasurer, and the latest new member is Dr. B. W. Richardson.

WE are glad to hear that the approaching seventieth birthday of Dr. Sanders, who has done so much to popularise German philology, will not pass unnoticed. A number of distinguished literary men have combined to issue a *Festschrift* which, besides furnishing a biography, will contain various interesting articles relating to the veteran lexicographer.

THE commemoration of founders at Westminster College will be celebrated with a Latin service in the Abbey on Monday, November 18, at 8.30 p.m. There will be special psalms, the "Te Deum" set to Gregorian music, and Dr. Bridge's setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin translation of "Rock of Ages." Toplady, it may be remembered, was himself a Westminster boy.

THE usual winter course of lectures at the London Institution will begin on Monday, November 18, when Col. Gouraud will discourse on "The Phonograph." Among the later arrangements are—"English Spelling and Pronunciation," by Prof. Skeat; "The Rise of British Dominion in India," by Sir Alfred Lyall; "A Visit to Mount Athos," by Prof. Mahaffy; "The Shapes of Leaves and Cotyledons," by Sir John Lubbock; "Shooting Stars," by Sir R. S. Ball; "Mithridates and the Scorpion," by Prof. Ray Lankester; "The Science of Animal Locomotion in its Relation to Design in Art," by Mr. Eadward Muybridge; "Lustre Decoration in Ceramic Art," by Mr. Henry Wallis; "Mediaeval Commerce," by the Dean of Winchester; and four lectures on "The Beginnings of Modern Europe," by Canon Benham. The Christmas course for juveniles will be given by Mr. C. V. Boys, his subject being "Soap Bubbles and the Forces which mould them"; while Mr. Aubrey J. Spencer will deliver two Travers lectures on "The Law of Buying and Selling" and "The Law affecting Passengers by Railway."

OWING to a severe attack of cold Prof. H. Anthony Salmoné will not be able as arranged to give his lecture on "The Ottoman Empire" at the Ethical Society. Mr. Sidney Whitman, however, has kindly consented to an exchange of dates, and will deliver his lecture on "Germany" on November 10; Prof. Salmoné's lecture will be given on December 22.

PROF. DEWAR has presented to the Royal Institution a portrait of the late Henry Pollock.

THE eighteenth Fascicule of the *Archives Historiques de la Gascogne* is the first part of "Le Livre des Syndics des États de Béarn," by M. Léon Cadier. It forms a kind of complement to the "États de Béarn," by the same author. The documents here given, dealing chiefly with finance, range from October, 1488, to October, 1504, and are preceded by an excellent historical introduction.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE December issue of *East and West* is to be a special double number. The editors have wisely trusted to short complete stories rather than to the first instalments of new serials, or even to mixed articles. There will, however, be short poems by Miss Katharine Tynan and Mr. William Sharp. The stories will be from the pens of the Rev. F. Baring-Gould, Mr. George Manville Fenn, Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid, Miss Helen Mathers, Mr. Richard Dowling, Mr. F. M. Allen, and Miss Annie Armit. We may take this occasion to notice the greatly improved type and paper of what now promises to be a popular magazine.

MR. WALTER BESANT, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. W. Clark Russell, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Miss Sarah Tytler, and other well-known writers will contribute to the forthcoming volume of *Wit and Wisdom*. A facsimile letter from Lord Tennyson will appear in the issue of November 9.

AN historical and archaeological article by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, entitled "Bubastis," will appear in the January number of the *Century Magazine*. The article will be profusely illustrated with engravings after photographs by M. Naville, Count Riamio d'Hulst, and the Rev. W. Macgregor.

A NOVEL by Mr. W. E. Norris, entitled "Mother and Son," will be commenced in the January number of *Murray's Magazine*.

A NEW Christmas anthem, composed by Mr. J. Barnby, will appear in the *Musical Times* for December. A new departure has been made in the composition, and a novelty of treatment has been aimed at in the introduction of the words of a well-known Christmas carol.

THE principal feature of "Christmas Arrows," the extra Christmas number of the *Quiver*, is a one-volume story by L. T. Meade, entitled "Frances Keane's Fortune"; and, in addition, there will be contributions by the Rev. P. B. Power, the Rev. W. Landels, the Rev. F. Langbridge, Ruth Mitchell, &c.

MESSRS. EGLINGTON & Co. announce a new monthly, to be called the *Brighton and County Magazine*, edited by Mr. Clifton Bingham. Among its special features will be a photographic portrait of some local personage in each number, and a serial story by Miss Florence Warden is also promised.

THE *Playgoer* (H. Vickers) will henceforward be published weekly, instead of monthly.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

WE understand that the delegates of the common university fund at Oxford have appointed Mr. W. R. Morfill to a readership in the Slavonic languages, subject to certain conditions which require the assent of the council.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN has resigned the directorship of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Candidates for the vacant appointment must send their names to the vice-chancellor by Thursday, November 21.

WE are glad to hear from Oxford that Prof. Freeman's health is so far improved that he hopes to be able to begin to-day (Saturday) his course of lectures on "The Bayeux Tapestry." He also announces a public lecture for next Thursday on "The Centenaries of 1889." The subject of Mr. F. T. Palgrave's lectures, as professor of poetry, on Friday of this week was "The Renaissance Influence over English Poetry." The Rev. J. Legge, professor of Chinese, announces two public lectures on "Taoism, Láo-tsze, and Chang-tsze." Dr. Edwin Hatch, reader in ecclesiastical history, has been compelled by illness to postpone his lectures.

WE understand that Mr. John Fulleylove—whose drawings of Oxford were so successful with the amateur when they were exhibited at the Fine Arts Society, about a year ago—has recently returned from a sojourn at Cambridge, and is now finishing a series of drawings of that university town. These, too, will be exhibited at the Fine Art Society, probably in the month of January; and with them, very likely, certain drawings of the Riviera which Mr. Fulleylove made last spring.

THE new professors of music at both Oxford and Cambridge have inaugurated their office with important reforms. At Oxford, besides a course of lectures by the choragus, Sir John Stainer has enlisted the co-operation of seven other residents to give regular instruction in analysis, composition, counterpoint, harmony, acoustics, and pianoforte and organ playing. At Cambridge, Prof. Villiers Stanford has received a special grant of £50 for the illustration of his lectures upon classical orchestral works, upon the condition that members of the university be admitted free to the rehearsals of these orchestral performances.

BOTH Oxford and Cambridge have during the past week been signifying their appreciation of the position which some of their alumni have won in the outer world. At Oxford, Merton College has elected Prof. Mandell Creighton (now of Cambridge) and Mr. Andrew Lang to honorary fellowships; while St. John's College, Cambridge, has conferred the like distinction upon Mr. Leonard H. Courtney.

A SELECTION from the objects found by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie in the Fayum last winter has been presented to the anthropological department of the Oxford Museum.

THE *Oxford Magazine* for November 6 contains a sonnet written by Prof. J. S. Blackie on the inauguration of Mansfield College, at which he was present.

MESSRS. SEELEY have issued cheap editions of those two sister volumes, which we are surprised to find are now both about ten years old—*Oxford*, by Mr. Andrew Lang; and *Cambridge*, by Mr. J. W. Clark—with reduced copies of the illustrations by MM. Debaines and H. Toussaint. They do not, of course, possess the charm of the original folios, with their carefully printed etchings; but at least the letterpress preserves the graceful touches and literary anecdotes of the one author, and the unrivalled architectural learning of the other.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE WANING YEAR.

WITH faded leaves her path was strown—
Gold of the elm and beechen red:
She wander'd—she was all alone—
The summer and her hopes were dead.
She murmur'd—for her pulses beat low,
"Oh, we were glad in spring-time here!
Who would have thought it ended so?"
She murmur'd . . . and let fall a tear.
"The air is full of voices faint;
The rain is cold and dim the day;
No ear gives heed to my complaint—
'Tis time I were away!"

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

OBITUARY.

W. L. SARGANT.

MR. WILLIAM LUCAS SARGANT, who was born at Birmingham on October 2, 1809, and died there on November 2, 1889, made some notable contributions to the literature of political economy. Most of these appeared while he was still immersed in the cares of business, but since 1879 he had devoted himself

entirely to the study of economic science. His books are *Science of Social Opulence* (1856), *Economy of the Working Classes* (1857), *Social Innovators and their Schemes* (1858), *Robert Owen and his Social Philosophy* (1860), *Essays by a Birmingham Manufacturer* (vols. i. and ii., 1869; vols. iii. and iv., 1872), and *Inductive Political Economy* (1887). Besides these substantial volumes he published various papers and pamphlets. His general method of discussing principles, not in the abstract but in their relation to actual problems of social life, gives to his dissertations a reality and practical air sometimes absent from such exercises. One of the best of his essays was that on "The New Academy," in which he suggests the creation of an order of merit for literature and philosophy. Such projects are always pooh-poohed by those who would stand aghast at a suggestion to abolish such external marks of consideration for other and, perhaps, less important departments of human endeavour.

Mr. Sargant took his share in the public life of Birmingham, and was the chairman of the first School Board, which, owing to the operation of the cumulative vote, did not represent the views of the majority of the inhabitants. Mr. Sargant's pamphlet, *School Boards and the Irreconcilables*, offended both the majority and the minority. On the election of the second Board Mr. Chamberlain—not then so widely known to fame—became its chairman.

The general characteristics of Mr. Sargant's work are clearness of style and thought, abundance of illustration, accuracy of reference, and a candid seeking after truth.

W. E. A. AXON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE November number of the *Expositor* opens serenely enough with a masterly biographic sketch of the apostle John, from a conservative point of view, by Prof. Milligan. The next article carries us into the thick of a great controversy, which, as we now clearly see, is being carried on by untrained as well as trained critics. Among the former we must regretfully class the author of the article headed "Wellhausen's History of Israel"—Dean Chadwick of Armagh. He tells us, indeed, that he writes, not for "the professional students of an abstruse and recondite science," but for those who, like himself, have been startled by being told, *ex cathedra*, that they must exchange the traditional view of the composition of the Old Testament for that which is summed up in Wellhausen's History. But it is clear that the progress of a critical controversy is not unaffected by the attitude of the majority of the educated class. If the trained experts cannot make their leading results intelligible to ordinary men, it seems hardly worth while to carry on the thankless work of the critic; and so Dean Chadwick must be said to make a contribution to the Pentateuch controversy. The misfortune is that he reads Wellhausen, as he apparently once read Ewald, without any knowledge of the history of criticism, regarding it as an independent work, the manifesto of the so-called critical school. He imagines that in controverting Wellhausen he is dealing a blow to "the new doctrine," as if Wellhausen were unrelated to other contemporary critics, and as if he had no roots in the past, and even in Ewaldianism itself. His own tone of mind is fundamentally theological. He is "honestly convinced, upon solid grounds, of the miraculous origin of Christianity"; and so he takes for granted that a member of the newer critical school must, in consistency, be hostile to the supernatural.

"By attributing Deuteronomy to the time of Isaiah, and the Law to the return from exile, a number of prophecies are converted into *ex post*

facto ventriloquisms, and one can waive aside easily enough the theophanies and interferences of Deity."

If such a truly genial writer can be impelled to write thus, what is to be expected of less refined controversialists? Mr. G. A. Smith strikes another keynote in his survey of recent works on the Old Testament. He at least is devout; and it is, perhaps, only the trained critic who will notice in him the desire to be as conservative as justice to facts will allow. To the writer previously mentioned, however, he must seem a poor inconsistent creature. He is very gentle in his treatment of Orelli's *Isaiah*; and perhaps rightly so. Such a very timid writer may suit the critic of Wellhausen better than the less conservative Delitzsch. Mr. Smith's notice of Baudissin's *History of Priesthood* is very careful. Canon Cheyne gives an exegesis of Psalm lxxxvii., which, side by side with Dean Chadwick's article, strikes us as too anxiously considerate towards those who grudge making the least real concession. From the late W. H. Simcox we have a short, but helpful and appreciative, article on Dr. Hatch's *Essays in Biblical Greek*. M. Godet discusses Mr. Plummer's bright illustration of the composition of the Synoptic Gospels from the old English chronicles.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for November is, perhaps, strongest in its reviews and notices of books. Dr. Kuenen, for instance, notices a work on the sources of the Pentateuch, by M. Westphal, which might have led Dean Chadwick to question on historical grounds the soundness of his estimate of "the new doctrine"; also, a useful handbook on the Canon by Dr. Wildeboer, a representative of progressive orthodoxy; and several new parts of the new German orthodox commentary on the Old Testament, edited by Strack. English and French books are not neglected. Among the former, Forbes's *Studies on the Book of Psalms* are unfavourably noticed. The German reviewer, to whom we referred lately, was at least more tender to the venerable author. Cheyne's *Jeremiah* is not disdained on the ground of its imaginative tinge and its constant realisation of the difficulties of the orthodox reader. Renan's *Histoire d'Israel*, however, is strongly condemned for letting the imagination run riot, to the injury of sound criticism. Its brilliance, however, is fully recognised. The recent attempt of M. Vernes to revolutionise Old Testament criticism by adopting the "most modern" dates possible is declared a failure, as involving not merely improbabilities, but absurdities. Prof. Tiele reviews at length De la Saussaye's *Lehrbuch der Religionsgeschichte* (vol. ii.); the section on Roman religion is especially eulogised. Dr. Meyboom returns to the subject of the Canon of Marcion; and Dr. Oort answers the question, Has religion a value apart from morality?

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CHARVARIAT, F. A travers la Kabylie, et les questions Kabyles. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
 EFFERTZ, O. Arbeit u. Boden. Kritik der theoret. polit. Ökonomie. Berlin: Puttkammer. 5 M.
 GEIGER, L. Vorlesung u. Versuche. Beiträge zur Literaturgeschichte. Dresden: Ehlermann. 5 M.
 LALOUX, V., et P. MONCAUX. Restauration d'Olympie. Paris: Quantin. 100 fr.
 MONUMENTA Germaniae paedagogica. 10. Bd. Berlin: Hofmann. 14 M.
 NEUBLICH, P. Jean Paul, sein Leben u. seine Werke. Berlin: Weidmann. 10 M.
 REOUX, O. La France et ses Colonies. T. II. Nos colonies. Paris: Hachette. 13 fr.
 STOURM, René. Cours de finances: le Budget, son histoire et son mécanisme. Paris: Guillaumin. 9 fr.
 TROUSSET, J. Histoire d'un siècle. T. 1 (1789-91). Paris: Librairie illustrée. 7 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY.

- BESTE, J. Geschichte der braunschweigischen Landeskirche von der Reformation bis auf unsere Tage. Wolfenbüttel: Zwisler. 15 M.
 HELLWIG, W. Die politischen Beziehungen Olemens' VII. zu Karl V. im J. 1528. Leipzig: Pock. 1 M.
 JAGER, E. Geschichte der sozialen Bewegung u. d. Socialismus in Frankreich. 2. Bd. Die französische Revolution u. die soziale Bewegung. 1. B1. Frankreich am Vorabend der Revolution v. 1789. Berlin: Puttkammer. 8 M.
 KALECK, J. Papiers de Barthélemy, Ambassadeur de France en Suisse. T. 4 (avril 1794—février 1795). Paris: Alcan. 20 fr.
 KERVYN DE LETTENHOVE, le Baron. Marie Stuart: l'œuvre puritaine, le procès, le supplice. Paris: Didier. 15 fr.
 LEBON, André. Recueil des instructions données aux ambassadeurs et ministres de France depuis les traités de Westphalie jusqu'à la Révolution française. VIII. Bavière, Palatinat, Deux-Ponts. Paris: Alcan. 25 fr.
 LUCHAIRE, Ach. Louis VI., le Gros: annales de sa vie et de son règne (1081—1137). Paris: Picard. 15 fr.
 MUELLER, G. Die Entwicklung der Landeshoheit in Geldern bis zur Mitte d. 14. Jahrh. Marburg: Elwert. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 MUELLER, W. Die Umsiedlung Afrikas durch phönizische Schiffer ums J. 600 v. Chr. Geb. Rathenow: Babenzien. 8 M.
 PARIS, Comte de. Histoire de la Guerre civile en Amérique. T. VII. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
 SCHLECHT, J. Festschrift im Schwedenkriege. Tagebuch der Augustinerin Clara Staiger, Priorin d. Klosters Mariastern, üb. die Kriegsjahre 1631 bis 1650. Festschrift: Brünner. 7 M.
 URKUNDENBUCH, westfälisches. 4. Bd. Die Urkunden d. Bisth. Paderborn vom J. 1201—1300. 3. Abth. 1251—1300. 1. Hft., bearb. v. H. Finke. Münster: Regensburg: 6 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- HARTMANN, E. v. Kritische Wanderungen durch die Philosophie der Gegenwart. Leipzig: Friedrich. 6 M.
 KLOOS, J. H. Entstehung u. Bau der Gebirge, erläutert am geolog. Bau d. Harzes. Braunschweig: Westermann: 8 M.
 KOHL, F. G. Anatomisch-physiologische Untersuchung der Kalksalze u. Kieseläure in der Pflanze. Marburg: Elwert. 18 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- CHRISTIANSEN, J. De apicibus et longis inscriptionum latinarum. Huum: Delft. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 FÜGNER, P. Lexicon Livianum, partim ex Hildebrandi schedis confect F. F. Fasc. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 JESPERSEN, O. The Articulations of Speech Sounds represented by means of alphabetic symbols. Marburg: Elwert. 2 M. 80 Pf.
 FISCHER, K. u. K. F. GILDER. Vedische Studien. 2. Hft. 1. Bd. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 7 M.
 SORNA, le, de Bernat Metz, auteur catalan du XIV. siècle. P. J. M. Guardia. Bordeaux: V. Moquet. 5 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

II.

Oxford: Oct. 30, 1839.

In addition to the modern vocabulary employed in Clough's narrative, and the suspicious nature of the statements contained in it, there is also a third proof of its fraudulent character. The author of the narrative had before his eyes, when he wrote, the account of Hampden's death and character which is given in the seventh book of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, first published in 1703. Sometimes he simply paraphrases Clarendon, sometimes he develops a hint supplied by Clarendon, sometimes he adopts Clarendon's errors:

(1)

"Hampden," says Clarendon, "being himself a colonel of foot, put himself amongst those horse, as a volunteer, who were first ready" (*Rebellion*, vii. 81).

"Master Hamdben volunteered his service with the horse, albeit he had a colonelcy in a regiment of foot" (*Clough*).

(2)

"The eyes of all men were fixed on him as their patrias pater" (*Clarendon, Rebellion*, vii. 82).

"He was by all looked up to as the deliverer of his Country" (*Clough*)

(3)

"In his entrance into the world he indulged to himself all the licence in sports and exercises

and company which was used by men of the most jolly conversation" (*Clarendon, Rebellion*, vii. 82).

"In his young dayes he had entered too largely into the vaine pastimes of the world" (*Clough*).

In these three passages the author of the narrative copied Clarendon, making only a small change in his phraseology. The use of the phrases "enter into" and "look up to," the use of the words "volunteer" and "colonelcy," were all suggested by Clarendon. The very alterations made to disguise the theft betray the fraud. It is also worth observing that Clarendon is the only contemporary author who mentions the licence of Hampden's early life.

(4)

"Being shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which brake the bone" (*Clarendon, Rebellion*, vii. 80).

"He received two carrabine shott in his arme, which brake the bone" (*Clough*).

(5)

"Within three weeks after died with extraordinary pain" (*Clarendon, Rebellion*, vii. 80).

"After having with more than humane fortitude indured most cruel angulsh for the space of fifteen days" (*Clough*).

The author of the narrative adopts Clarendon's statement as to the greatness of Hampden's sufferings and his error as to the length of those sufferings. To give an air of accuracy and verisimilitude to his story, he converts the indefinite "within three weeks" into the definite "fifteen days," just as he altered, for the same reason, the vaguer "brace of bullets" into the more specific "two carrabine shott."

Clarendon thus describes the expedition which led to the fight at Chalgrove Field:

(6)

"They [Prince Rupert and Col. Urry] went out of the porte of Oxford in the evening upon Saturday, and marched beyond all the quarters as far as Wickham, and fell in there at the farther end of the town towards London" (*Rebellion*, vii. 76).

"Prince Rupert, perswaded thereunto by one Urrie, a Scottishman and malignant renegade, having, under the covert of darkness, fallen upon our defenceless Quarters at Wickenham" (*Clough*).

Clarendon here makes a second error, and the author of the narrative again copies it. Prince Rupert, in the inroad which led to Chalgrove fight, did not penetrate as far as Wycombe. Postcombe and Chinnor were the extreme points reached. This is proved by the authorised account published at Oxford in 1643, which also explains the source of Clarendon's errors. It is entitled:

"His Highnesse Prince Rupert's late beating up the Rebels Quarters at Postcomb and Chinner in Oxfordshire. And his Victory in Chalgrove Field on Sunday morning, June 18, 1643. Whereunto is added Sir John Urrie's expedition to West-Wickham the Sunday after: June 25, 1643."

Clarendon confuses the expedition of June 18 with the expedition of June 25, and so puts Wycombe instead of Chinnor. His mistake was not unnatural; for, though book vii. of the *History of the Rebellion* was begun October 18, 1641, and ended March 8, 1648, the particular sections (75-79) containing the account of Chalgrove are an insertion from a part of the "Life" of himself written in 1669. Writing twenty-six years after the events described, it was easy to make such a mistake. On the other hand, if the author of Clough's narrative had been on the spot (as he says he was) and

written his account in the same years (as he says he did), he could never have confused the attack on Chinnor—which led to Hampden's death—with the attack on West Wycombe, which took place on the day of his funeral.

In conclusion, one criticism with respect to the prayer which the author of the narrative puts into Hampden's mouth. He represents him as praying: "O Lord, save my bleeding country." . . . O Lord, save my country! These words are, no doubt, in keeping with Hampden's character; but they are also suspiciously like the last words actually uttered by Pitt, who died just nine years before the narrative was published. According to Lord Stanhope, Pitt's last words were: "Oh, my country! How I leave my country!" Rose gives them as: "My country! Oh, my country!" and the *Annual Register* for the year observes: "His last words are said to have been, 'O, my country!'" (Stanhope, *Life of Pitt*, iii. 391, ed. 1879; Rose, *Diary*, ii. 233; *Annual Register*, 1806, p. 883). I am inclined to believe that Pitt's last words suggested Hampden's last words.

C. H. FIRTH.

THE COLLECTIO CANONUM HIBERNENSIS.

Youghal: October 21, 1889.

In the ACADEMY of September 28 Φ asks me what is known of Cumman of the Penitential which puts it out of the question to identify him with Cucuimne of the colophon in the *Codex Sangermanensis*. I answer: nothing, so far as his personal history is concerned. But the Penitential contains more than enough to have saved Mr. Bradshaw from laying down his ninth proposition.

Take, for instance, the following parallels:

(A.)

THEODORUS, CAP. DACHER.

COLL. CAN. HIB., LIV.

C. 23. Porci qui sanguinem gustantes tetigerint, manducantur. Sed qui cadavera mortuorum lacerantes manducant, carnes eorum non licet comedere, usquequo macerentur.

C. 22. Equum non prohibent, tamen consuetudo est non comedere.

C. 19. Graeci carnem morticinam non dant porcis suis, pelles autem eorum ad calciamentum, et lana et cornua licet accipi, sed non in sanctum aliquid.

C. 20. Tamen, si casu porci comederint carnem morticinorum aut sanguinem hominis, non abiciendos credimus, nec gallinas equali modo.

C. 21. Animalia, quae a lupis vel canibus consumantur, non sunt comedenda nisi porcis et canibus; nec cervus nec caprus, si mortui inventi sunt. Pisces autem licent, quia alterius naturae sunt.

C. 168. Aves et animalia cetera, si in retibus strangulantur, non sunt comedenda; similiter ab accipitre mortua. Apostoli etiam ait: Similiter abstinete vos a suffocato sanguine et ab idololatria (Act. xv. 29).

12. Theodorus ait: Porci qui sanguinem gustantes tetigerint, manducantur. Sed si cadavera mortuorum lacerantes manducant, carnes eorum non licet comedi, usquequo macerentur.

C. 13. Theodorus, Episcopus: Equum non prohibent, tamen consuetudo non est comedi.

C. 14. Theodorus, Episcopus, dicit: Greci carnem morticinam non dant porcis suis, pelles vero morticinorum ad calciamenta licet accipi, sed non in sanctum aliquid. Si porci comederint carnem morticinorum aut sanguinem hominis, non abiciendos credimus, nec gallinas equali modo.

Animalia, quae a lupis sive canibus consumantur, non comedenda, nisi porcis proliantur et canibus; nec cervus nec caper, si mortui inventi fuerint. Pisces licent, quia alterius naturae sunt.

Aves et animalia cetera, si in retibus strangulantur, non sunt comedenda. Paulus enim ait: Abstinete vos a suffocato sanguine et ab idololatria; similiter ab accipitre mortificanda.

(B.)

FORNIT. CUM. I.

FORNIT. THEOD. LIB. 2, XI.

1. Animalia, quae a lupis seu canibus lacerantur, non sunt comedenda, nisi forte ab homine adhuc viva occidantur, sed porcis et canibus dentur; nec cervus nec capra, si mortui inventi fuerint.

2. Aves vero et animalia cetera, si in retibus strangulantur, non sunt comedenda hominibus, nec si accipiter oppresserit, si mortui inventi fuerint, quia iv. capitula Actuum Apostolorum praecipunt abstinere a fornicatione, a sanguine et suffocato et idololatria (xv. 29).

3. Pisces autem licet comedere, quia alterius naturae sunt.

4. Equum non prohibent, tamen consuetudo non est comedere.

5. Leporem licet comedere et bonus est pro desinteria, et fel eius miscendum est cum pipere pro dolore.

6. Apes, si occidunt hominem, ipsi quoque occidi debent festinanter, mel tamen manducetur.

7. Si casu porci comedunt carnem morticinorum aut sanguinem hominis, non abiciendos credimus nec gallinas; ergo porci, qui sanguinem hominis gustant, manducantur.

8. Sed qui cadavera mortuorum lacerantes manducaverunt, carnem eorum manducare non licet, usque dum macerentur et post anni circulum.

20. Animalia, quae a lupis seu canibus lacerantur, non sunt comedenda, nisi forte ab hominibus adhuc viva occidantur prius, sed porcis et canibus dentur; nec cervus nec capra, si mortui inventi fuerint.

21. Aves vero et animalia cetera, si in retibus strangulantur, non sunt comedenda hominibus, nec si accipiter oppresserit, si mortui inventi fuerint, quia iv. capitula Actuum Apostolorum praecipunt abstinere a fornicatione et sanguine et suffocato et idololatria.

22. Pisces licet comedere, quia alterius naturae sunt.

23. Equum non prohibet, tamen consuetudo non est.

24. Leporem licet comedere.

25. Apes vero, si occidunt hominem, ipsi quoque occidi [debent] festinanter; mel tamen manducetur.

26. Si casu porci vel gallinae sanguinem hominis comedunt, non abiciendos credimus, sed manducandos.

27. Sed qui cadavera mortuorum lacerantes manducaverint, carnem eorum manducare non licet, usque dum macerentur et post anni circulum.

How, with these and similar data before him, Mr. Bradshaw, of all men, could propound (Prop. ix., p. lxxii.) that the "compiler of the *Hibernensis* may, without any strain either of language or of evidence, be looked upon as possibly identical with the *Cummanus abbas in Scotia ortus*" of the Penitential, is surely strange.

Equally strange is it how evidence like the following escaped his attention. The Penitential is a loosely classified collection of enactments drawn from various (probably all available) sources and not always in agreement. The compiler professes to speak *secundum priorum patrum definitiones*. Among these we have the decision adopted by Theodore from the *libellus Scottorum*. Now, admit the *Hibernensis* to be the work of Cumman. Why, then, were the following and other such omitted, though lying ready to hand? It will not avail to plead that they were out of harmony with those given in the Penitential; for the figures I have enclosed in brackets prove that no attempt was made to explain or reconcile discrepancies. Amplitude, not selection, was the object of the compilation.

COL. CAN. HIB. XXVIII.

10. *Hibernensis Sinodus dicit*: Omnes homicidae, si toto corde conversi fuerint, vii. annorum penitentiam districtae sub regula monasterii penitent [vii., an., Pen. Cum. vi. 5, 14; iii. an., ib. 16; v. an., ib. 17].

Patricius: Qui occiderit, aut fornicationem fecerit [iii. an., Pen. Cum. iii. 27], aut more genti-

lium aruspitem interrogaverit [iii. an., Pen. Cum. vii. 3], per singula crimina annum penitentiae egat, et, illo impleto, cum testibus postea resolvetur a sacerdote.

With respect to Φ 's second query, the entry in question is an example of a bilingualism very characteristic of Irish MSS. An older instance, beginning in Latin and ending in the native speech, is found at the end of the Gospel of St. John, on the last folio of the Book of Dimma, Trinity College, Dublin.

Finis. Amen. Dimma, mace Nathi [O son of N.]. This is followed by an Irish quatrain asking for lenient criticism and a heavenly abode in reward of his labour.

A third and notable colophon of the kind is the acrostic (in the hand of the annalist) at the end of the Chronicle of Marianus Scotus (Cod. Pal. Vat., no. 839, fol. 163 b). It is of grammatical interest, as exhibiting the Old Irish pronominal inflexion:

"Multum ob excerptos legimus barbaricos Reges iustificandos gestaque turbida egenos. Collige litteram anteriorem, uolvito summam, Existat numeratus author. Intra require: Rectus omnes me tulit in novam ordinem laudis."

The book is represented addressing the reader. Complying with the instructions, we obtain *Moel Brigitte, clusenair, romtinol*—"The devotee of [St.] Brigit, the include, collected me"

B. MACCARTHY.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "LICHFIELD."

London: Oct. 29, 1889.

In the ACADEMY of October 30, 1886 (p. 294), I attempted to show (1) that the ancient British name of Lichfield was *Lētocton*, the regular phonetic antecedent of the early Welsh *Luitcoi* (modern *Llwydgoed*), "gray wood"; (2) that the *Cair Luitcoi* of a Welsh writer of the tenth century was Lichfield, not Lincoln, as has hitherto been believed on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon and Geoffrey of Monmouth; and (3) that the first part of the name Lyccidfeldh, Lichfield, is a corruption of *Luitcoi*, or some form intermediate between that and *Lētocton*. The third proposition will, I think, be generally admitted if the other two are considered to be proved. Although I regarded the identity of *Cair Luitcoi* and Lichfield as certain on philological grounds, I was not until recently aware that it had any documentary support.

I am indebted to Mr. Egerton Phillimore for two pieces of evidence which seem to place the matter beyond question. One of these is the poem "Marwnad Cynddylan," printed in the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, which, though, of course, not the production of its pretended author—Meigant—in the seventh century, seems to be of considerable antiquity. The poem mentions *Caer Llwydgoed* in connexion with the River Tern, and as the locality of one of the battles of the Powisland chiefs with the English. The other piece of evidence is the following passage from a MS. at Cardiff, a transcript of one of the lost Hengwrt MSS:

"Kenda, o Redynvre, m. Cadawl, Llwyd kocet."

This passage states that "Kenda," i.e. St. Ceadda or Chad—the famous bishop of Lichfield, to whom the church of Redynvre (Farn-don) was dedicated—was the son of Cadawl of Llwydgoed. Although it is, apparently, the father of Chad, not the saint himself, who is here connected with Lichfield, it is probable from the other evidence that the statement is based on the fact that St. Chad was known to have had something to do with the episcopal city. A modernised and blundered version of the passage is printed in the *Myvyrian Archaeology* (ed. 1801, vol. ii., p. 52), where the names

are given as *Siat* (a phonetic rendering of the Modern-English *Chad*), *Cadfan*, and *Lhwycod*.

Another instance of the occurrence of the name "Luitcoit" has been pointed out to me by Mr. Phillimore. It contributes no fresh evidence towards the identification of the place; but it has tempted me to make some confessedly hazardous conjectures, which I will here set out with the view of drawing attention to a problem that is certainly of considerable interest. The MS. Harl. 3859, printed by Mr. Phillimore in *Cymmrodor* (vol. ix., pp. 152-183), includes a genealogy of twelve names from Iudnerth to Glast, to which is appended the following broken sentence: "Unum sunt . glastenic . qui uenerunt que uocatur . loyt coy." Another Harleian MS. (no. 2289) contains a Welsh version of this passage, apparently taken from a more complete text. After the genealogy, which is not quite complete, come the following words: "o dhynd glastyneyt a dynaud ogaer o gaer lugthoet" (read *lugthoet*, and omit the first *ogaer*). The scribe has added a gloss identifying *Lugthoet* with Alclud—an arbitrary guess scarcely worth notice. I propose to correct the Latin version by the aid of the Welsh, as follows. "Unde sunt Glastenic et Dunaut qui uenerunt a civitate quae uocatur Loytcoyt." Possibly, however, *unum sunt* may be correct, and the sentence may have been meant to say that "Glastenic" and "Dunaut" were the same person. Now, it is remarkable that William of Malmesbury, in his history of Glastonbury, gives, on the authority of "the ancient books of the Britons," an account of "Glasteing" (regarded by him as the eponymus of Glastonbury) which is evidently taken in part from the same ultimate source as the passages above cited. Malmesbury mentions the twelve persons enumerated in the genealogy, but turns them into twelve brothers, great-grandsons of Cunedda. He then goes on to say that "Glasteing" travelled in pursuit of an eight-legged sow through the territories of the Midland Angles, passing a vill called Esecbtorne, until he came to Wells, and thence by a dirty road called the Sow-way (*Sugewege*) to the place afterwards called Glastonbury, where the animal was found under an apple-tree. Now the "Sow-way" is a genuine local name of the neighbourhood, and probably the legend of the wonderful sow is a real bit of Somerset folklore. Notwithstanding this, I am inclined to suspect that its introduction here is due to the word *lugthoet* in a Welsh MS. having been misread as *sugewege*. In a bad MS. an *l* would easily be mistaken for a "long s"; the letters *k* and *w* in early writing closely resemble each other; the *e*, *o*, and *t* are also very much alike; and so are the *y* and the *g*. The name *Esecbtorne*, I think, comes from the "ancient British book"; it looks as if it might be *escobty* (=modern Welsh *esgobdy*) "bishop's house," joined to some word which followed it in the Welsh MS. My notion is that some Glastonbury monk of antiquarian tastes, not knowing much Welsh, had got hold of a British MS. (in an antique handwriting) in which he fancied he recognised the name of the founder of his city, and the familiar local name *Sugewege*; and that having worked up the hints obtained from his Welsh document with the local tradition about the "sow," he claimed for the whole rignmarole the authority of "the British records." It may be that the "Glastenic" of the Welsh genealogy is really an epithet meaning "of Glastonbury"; but, if so, that makes no difference. I owe Welsh scholars an apology for meddling, all unskilled, in matters belonging to their province; but I may plead that I have indicated some problems worth investigating, even if I have failed to solve them.

HENRY BRADLEY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Nov. 10, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Germany, I., Politics," by Mr. Sidney Whitman.
MONDAY, Nov. 11, 8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Cyprus," by Sir Robert Biddulph.
TUESDAY, Nov. 12, 8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "A Winter Tour in South Africa," by Sir Frederick Young.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Inaugural Address by the President, Sir John Ooode; Presentation of Medals and Premiums.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "The Natural Colour of the Skin in certain Oriental Races," by Dr. J. Beddoe; "Manners, Customs, Religions, and Superstitions of South African Tribes," by the Rev. James Macdonald.
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Microscopical.
THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting—Grounds," by Prof. A. H. Church.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "The Lighting of the Melbourne Centennial International Exhibition," by Mr. K. L. Murray.
8 p.m. Mathematical: Annual Meeting, "Isoscelian Hexagrams," by Mr. R. Tucker; "On Euler's ϕ -function," by Mr. H. F. Baker.
FRIDAY, Nov. 15, 5 p.m. Physical: "The Electrification due to the Contact of Gases and Liquids," by Mr. Enright; "The Effect of Repeated Heating and Cooling of the Electrical Resistance and Temperature coefficient of Annealed Iron," by Mr. H. Tomlinson; "Geometrical Optics," by Prof. S. P. Thompson.
7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "The New Harbour and Breakwater at Boulogne," by Mr. S. C. Bailey.

SCIENCE.

The Flora of Suffolk. By W. M. Hind. (Gurney & Jackson.)

A FLAT and tolerably uniform county, Suffolk yet has a flora of very respectable number and variety. Its mud-flats and salt-marshes, its curious Breck district, and its broads or meres, agreeably diversify the landscape, and enrich what would otherwise have been the tame and monotonous flora of low ground. Its entire list comes very near (as we might expect) to that of Holland. East Anglia, as a whole, has 1120 species of plants in common with that country. But, if Holland has derived from its land-connexion with the rest of the continent many species unknown to our island, East Anglia, too, has a good many plants to show which are not recorded for Holland. Mr. Hind's modest and painstaking work is, so far as we remember, the first local flora which has included an account of that very ancient record—the geological deposits. It appears that, with few exceptions, the species "of which remains have come down from the great ice age and that which succeeded it still survive in the country."

The recent publication, by a sub-committee of the British Association, of a paper on the disappearance from North Britain of the rarer species of plants naturally leads us to reckon up the gains and losses of our flora in the case of a single well-searched county. There are several gains in Suffolk, actual or probable. *Anacharis Alsinastrum* (which is, in one sense, a very doubtful "gain") and *Veronica Buxbaumii* are well established. *Oxalis stricta*, *Senecio squalidus*, and *Mulgedium tataricum* may become so. The losses of the county, however, outweigh the gains, though they are not so heavy as might have been feared. Some plants are getting scarce, as *Myosurus minimus*. A much longer list is either wholly extinct or is become so rare that Mr. Hind wisely withholds their whereabouts. In many cases the reason of their disappearance is well known; and in a county of simple physical features, like Suffolk, there is less hope of their being re-found than might be the case among the mountains of Ireland or Scotland. *Sisymbrium polyceratum* and *S.*

irio are probably quite gone. (It is curious that so many local floras are now indicating the disappearance of the latter, which must have been common enough at one time. What conditions, which affect it, have been altered?) *Crambe maritima* is now "believed to be extinct" in Suffolk, as in many other places. *Holosteum umbellatum* will not be readily found again. *Eryngium campestre* is "now lost through the wasting of the cliffs" under which it formerly grew. *Gnaphalium luteoalbum*, *Diolus maritima*, and *Pyrola rotundifolia* seem to be extinct. *Actinocarpus Dama-sonium*, *Senecio paludosus*, and *S. palustris*, are either lost or very rare—one does not see why, as, in spite of draining, there are plenty of fens and ditches left. *Orobancha ramosa* has ceased to grow; "as hemp is no longer grown in the county, its parasite has become extinct."

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE *Bibliographie Basque* by Prof. Julien Vinson, of the École des Langues Orientales, is being printed at Chalons sur Saône, and will be ready in the autumn of 1890. It will form a volume of about 500 pages, gr. 8vo, and will contain over 600 different notices, marking the various editions, abridgments, and translations of each work, from 1545 to 1889. Facsimiles will be given of the titles of the most curious books; the number of copies known of the rarest, with the public libraries in which they are preserved, will be stated. Under the New Testament of Leizuruague, M. Vinson will print some recently discovered particulars on Pierre d'Urte, the author of the important Basque MSS. in the possession of Lord Maclesfield.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* will contain the following articles: "Extract from a Life of the Buddha (Chinese *P'u yas King*)," by the late Prof. S. Beal; "Further Notes on Early Semitic Names," by W. St. Chad Boscawen; "A Buddhist Repertory" (continued), by Prof. C. de Harlez; "Ketchup, Katchup, Catsup," by T. de L.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, October 28.)

PROF. MCK. HUGHES, president, in the chair.—Prof. G. F. Browne showed a cast of a fragment of stone about 21 inches by 10, and 9 inches thick, with interlacing bands or serpents on its face and a considerable runic inscription on one of its edges. A slight arcading on another edge showed that the stone had lain flat, presumably as a grave-cover, with the runes in two horizontal rows along the edge at one side. The runes in the upper row are 3½ inches high, those in the lower 2½ inches. It is impossible to say how much beyond the fracture the runes extended. They are very bold and deep, and Mr. Browne reads them as follows:

folcæarærdonbec.
..biddathfotæthelmun..

The *ð* in the lower line appears to be a *w*, but shows clear signs of having been meant for *ð*; the *t* in the same line Mr. Browne takes to be cut in mistake for a very different rune, *r*. Taking one of the runic inscriptions on the sepulchral stones at Thornhill, near Dewsbury, as a guide (Gillsaith arærdæ...becun....gebiddath thaer æaule), he read

Folcæ arærdon becun....
...biddath fore Æthelmund (or Æthelmunde).

"The people erected a memorial...Pray for Æthelmund." Prof. Skeat had informed him that *Folcæ* was not known as a plural of *Fole*; but Prof.

Stephens of Copenhagen thought that *a* was very likely, being found among the numerous vowel terminations of neuter plurals in Old Northern English, *foles* occurring in the glosses in the Durham Ritual and the Gospel of St. Matthew. The stone was part of the building materials of a little church at Upton in Wirral, near Birkenhead, taken down in 1887. The church was built on that site in 1813, the materials used coming from the original church of Overchurch which was blown down about that time. Overchurch is not far from West Kirby in Wirral, where there are several very curious sculptured stones of early type.—Prof. Browne showed a fragment of a sculptured stone with an Ogam inscription which had been lent by Dr. Alexander Laing of Newburg-on-Tay. It is remarkable in having the Ogam cut with the greatest care and regularity on a broad band in high relief running along the centre of the stone, and the Ogam are tied. This makes it probable that the stone is comparatively late. The remains of raised ornament show that the stone has been sculptured with figures of horses, &c. of the bold type found on the best of the Pictish stones. In an Ogam inscription everything depends on the direction in which it is to be read, and the one complete hoof of a horse left on the stone fortunately helps to show the direction in this case. There are only three letters left. If the inscription was horizontal, they are *imn*; if vertical, they may be *imn* or *gm*, probably the latter. The Ogam here read as *n* or *g* is inclined at an acute angle to the main stem and yet does not run through the central line, thus introducing a special difficulty and causing some uncertainty. The stone was found on one of the most interesting of the Pictish sites, in the church-yard at Abernethy. Mr. Browne showed outlined rubbings of the other of the Fifeshire Ogam inscriptions, which is also on a "Pictish" sculptured stone, and the Ogam at Newton and Abeyne, the latter reading *neahhtla robbait ceannf maggoi taluorh*, an inscription specially interesting from its having so many examples of the rare Ogam *h*. All of these are very much ruder than the Abernethy Ogam.—When St. Benet's Church was restored in 1873-74, a stone believed to be the old altar-slab was found in the floor of the chancel, in two halves, which were afterwards lost sight of. In the course of the present summer the organ was being moved, and in the floor beneath it a slab of Sussex marble was found, 34 in. by 30 in., with two early crosses (*patle*) and a portion of a third cross, all flush with the surface and marked out by rude incisions, giving the effect of a cross in a circle. One of the crosses is in one corner, another near the other corner on the same side, and the portion of a cross is between the latter and the edge, where the stone seems to have been broken in two. Supposing that the rest of this cross was hidden by cement, Prof. Browne suggested as a possible explanation that the usual five crosses were in this case in unusual positions, being disposed in a straight line near the front of the slab, one in each corner, one in the middle, and the other two on either side the central cross and near it. But Prof. Middleton had pointed out to him that the portion of a cross had apparently never been completed, so that it was probable that this was the end and not the front edge of the slab, and the unfinished cross had come too near the wall or the super-altar and had been replaced by one 6 in. further forward. Prof. Westcott had discovered that in the case of one of the crosses the spaces between the arms were inlaid with something of a darker colour, of the character of cement. The other no doubt had been similarly treated. Mr. Browne believed that the form of the cross and the other indications were consistent with the idea that this may have been the original mensa of the altar in the Romanoesque eastward portion, or rectangular apse, of the church of St. Benedict when first built. He mentioned two examples he had found in Switzerland last year of an arrangement differing from that usually noticed in altar-slabs with crosses. At Romainmotier, a very large church probably of the 9th century, where in 1537 the Bernese committed sacrilegious ravages, the images being burned and the altars destroyed so that the Prior Théodule de Ride died of chagrin, one of the old altar-slabs survived the process and is now used as a communion-table by the Swiss. It is 6 ft. long and nearly 3 ft. broad. The ancient crosses have been carefully

erased by re-dressing the marble, except one in one corner and another which is central so far as the length of the stone is concerned, but only 10½ inches from the edge. On the very ancient altar-slab at Coire, only two crosses are to be seen, one about the middle of each end, the other three being covered by the present large super-altar; an interesting evidence that the celebrant formerly faced westward and used only the eastward half of the altar. The five crosses in these cases were placed symmetrically at the corners and centre not of the whole slab but of the part actually used. Prof. Browne expressed some doubt whether the symbolism of the "five wounds" had anything to do with the original practice of cutting five crosses on altar-slabs. In the pontifical of Egbert, Archbishop of York in Bede's time, the bishop was to make a cross with his finger dipped in the hallowed water on the four *cornua* of the altar. He was then to pour oil on the altar, make a cross in the middle and at the four *cornua*, and proceed round the walls of the church making crosses with his thumb with the chrism. Whatever symbolism there was in the one case there would seem to be in the other. And the surface of the altar thus crossed was not to remain visible. The relics were brought, a veil was stretched between the bishop and the people, he made a cross within the *confessio* and at the four corners, put into the *confessio* three portions of the consecrated Host, three pieces of incense, and the relics, and then the *tabula* was laid on the altar, and one cross was made with chrism upon the *tabula*. Thus there is no mention of five crosses, even in chrism, on the *tabula*, which is our "altar-slab." *Tabulae* were in early times frequently portable and quite small, and in accordance with the artistic spirit and practice of the time they were in some cases naturally ornamented with a cross, dividing the field into four spaces; these spaces might naturally receive the ornament of a smaller cross. An examination of the portable altar found in St. Outhbert's tomb at Durham (6 inches by 5½) made it clear that in that case the central cross, of the same character as the great cross on the page at the commencement of St. Matthew in the Lindisfarne Gospels, and as the crosses on some of the smallest of the Anglian and Irish sepulchral stones, could not be meant for one of five crosses representing the "five wounds." He thought the reason for placing the five crosses on the front half of the slab, instead of symmetrically on the slab as a whole, was perhaps that the crosses marked the points at which incense was burned; and that the crosses on altar-slabs generally were cognate with the dedication crosses on the walls of churches. Prof. Middleton read a paper on "The House of the Veysy Family, Cambridge." During the recent destruction of some buildings at the corner of the Market and Petty Cury remains were brought to light of some very beautiful domestic work of the early part of the sixteenth century. Enough remained to show that a large and very handsome house had occupied this angle. In the northern wall, which still exists, are four very elaborately carved mantelpiece-pieces, two on the ground floor and two (over them) on the first floor. On the two lower mantelpieces an interesting record is carved, very delicately in soft clunch, of the original owner and builder of the house. The mantel-piece on the left-hand side has the Arms of Henry VIII., France and England quarterly, with lion and dragon supporters; and also the arms of the Grocers' Company, of which the owner of the house was no doubt a member, between nine cloves *sable*. On this mantelpiece and the other one on the ground floor are carved the names, initials and monograms of various members of this evidently wealthy family of merchant grocers, namely K., J., A., and H. Veysy—the most prominent being the name of K(atherine) Veysy. The Cambridge Visitation of 1619 (about a century later than the date of this house) mentions Henry Vesey of Cambridge, who had a son named John, who married Katherine Thurnidge. Their son, Henry Vesey of Islam in this county, married Ursula Harvey; they had issue, seven children. Henry Vesey was living in 1619. In general design these mantelpieces are of the usual Perpendicular type: their carving is exceptionally elaborate and minute in detail, worked with almost gem-like delicacy. In point of style they mark the transition from pure Gothic to Renaissance

forms, which took place in England during the early years of the sixteenth century. The mantelpiece with the coats of arms has a richly-designed frieze with a conventional pattern of floreated scroll-work, showing a strong Italian influence like that wonderful chapel at the east end of the south choir aisle of Ely Cathedral, which was built by Bishop West soon after the year 1515; probably about the same date as the Veysys' house. The others are purely Gothic in style, with the characteristic ornaments and details of the previous century. The carving of the cresting or "brattishing" over the mantels, the *pateras* and the letters, are all of exceptional delicacy and beauty. One lower and one upper mantelpiece have been enriched with a band of very graceful tracery in square panels. None of the four have any projecting shelf, but are built flush with the face of the chimney-breast. On the outside, the wall in which these mantelpieces stand is visible from a narrow alley. It is a very beautiful example of mediæval brickwork, with three two-light Gothic windows of clunch, still fairly well preserved, though blocked up by modern brickwork. The upper part of the two chimney-breasts projects about nine inches, to give room for the lower flues to pass behind the upper mantelpieces. This projection is supported in both cases on a row of little Gothic machicolations with cusped arches moulded in terra-cotta springing from moulded corbels, very graceful in effect. As far as one can make out the general plan of this noble specimen of domestic architecture the house had a frontage both on the Market and the Petty Cury. The two lower mantelpieces belong to one large hall, which upstairs was divided by an oak partition into two rooms. The existing brick wall formed the north side of this hall; its southern side, which was built of oak, faced on to a small internal court. Some other handsome mantelpieces, which are now destroyed, belonged to the rooms in the southern wing, which had its frontage on the Petty Cury. The mouldings of the great oak floor-beams and joists are very elaborate and well designed. The whole of these interesting remains are a valuable piece of evidence with regard to the municipal life of Cambridge in mediæval times, and it is sincerely to be wished that they may be preserved *in situ* for the benefit of future students of Cambridge history.

FINE ART.

THE ART CONGRESS AT EDINBURGH.

THE proceedings of the second congress of the National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry were opened in Edinburgh on Sunday, October 27, by a service in St. Giles's Cathedral, when an eloquent sermon—dealing with the function of art and the mission of the artist—was preached by Prof. Flint. Of the meetings that followed, those devoted to presidential addresses were held in the Queen-street Hall; while the individual sections met in the upper rooms of the new Scottish National Portrait Gallery, where a large hall on the ground floor was arranged as a museum, displaying casts and examples of fresco-painting, wood-carving, enamel, metal-work, &c., suitable for the use of schools and classes of industrial art.

On Monday evening, October 28, the Marquis of Lorne delivered his address as president of the Congress, giving a brief account of some of the more important work done at the first meetings of the Association, held in Liverpool last year; urging the necessity of government and municipal patronage of art; and referring to some needed reforms in the architecture of Edinburgh—pleading, in particular, for the more liberal introduction of colour into British architecture, and for the revival of the ornamental work in plaster, of which many old Scottish mansions show exquisite examples.

In the section of Painting, the presidential address was delivered on Tuesday, October 29, by Mr. Briton Riviere, who dwelt mainly upon the relations between the technical worker and the atechnic public whom he

addresses, and upon the different points of view from which each regard art—the former naturally tending to make manner, the latter matter, the first consideration—the one asking “How is the picture painted?” the other asking “What does the picture mean?” The lecturer expressed considerable sympathy with the popular view of the case, concluding that “the idea, the motive, the mental force and intention of the artist, and his idiosyncrasy, must be interwoven with and override the mere expression or language in any work that will live.” A paper forwarded by Mr. G. F. Watts—dealing with “The National Encouragement of Art”—was then read; and Mr. J. E. Hodgson, and Mr. J. C. Horsley, in papers which followed, attacked the South Kensington system of art instruction. In the view of Mr. Hodgson, that system had failed to produce capable designers and to improve our art manufactures, greatly because it is “a cast-iron” type of instruction, which takes no account of local manufacturing requirements; and he recommended a policy of decentralisation, and the establishment of local art schools adapted to the special needs of carpet-weaving, metal-working, silk-weaving, and the other local industries. In the course of his paper, Mr. Horsley took occasion to animadvert—with his accustomed emphasis when dealing with the subject—upon mixed classes of students and the study of the nude; and his remarks provoked a spirited discussion—Dr. J. Forbes White (of Aberdeen) and Miss Burton (a member of the Edinburgh School Board) dissenting from the views which the speaker had expressed.

In the section of Sculpture, Mr. E. Onslow Ford delivered the presidential address, urging the necessity for state encouragement of art and for the appointment of a Minister for the Fine Arts; and advocating the formation of a publishing company for the dissemination of the works of sculptors at moderate prices in the form of bronzes, &c., in the manner adopted upon the continent. Mr. George Webster and Mr. D. W. Stevenson followed with papers on “Sculpture: as it was, as it is, and as it should be,” and on “The Picturesque in Sculpture,” the latter illustrated by a series of lime-light views of typical statues. In the evening Mr. Andrew Lang delivered, under the auspices of the congress, a brilliant and humorous lecture on “Savage Art.”

On Wednesday, October 30, in the section of Painting Mr. W. Hole read a vigorous paper on “Art and the People”; Mr. W. F. Yeames discoursed on “Some Drawbacks to Art arising from Competitions and Exhibitions”; and Mr. W. D. McKay gave an excellent address on “Traditional and Modern Methods in Oil Painting,” in which he pointed out the danger that the beauty of surface, the variety of texture, and the expressiveness of touch, which have been characteristic of all great schools of oil painting in the past, should be lost and disregarded in that exclusive devotion to values and scientific truth of relative tones, which is the main aim of recent French practice and instruction.

In the combined sections of Sculpture, Architecture, and Municipal Encouragement of Art, Mr. Philip Rathbone, chairman of the Arts Committee of the Liverpool Town Council, advocated “The Encouragement of Monumental Forms of Art—a Political Necessity of Civilisation.” Mr. H. H. Statham, editor of the *Builder*, in a paper on “Architectural Effect in Cities,” criticised the street architecture of Edinburgh. Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins spoke on “Public Buildings, their Use and Decoration”; and papers were read by the Lord Dean of Guild (Sir James Gowans) and Mr. T. Blashill, on “Municipal Legislation with Reference to Architecture.”

In the section of applied art Mr. William Morris delivered a very characteristic and forcible presidential address. Mr. Walter Crane followed upon “Design and Material,” illustrating his remarks by explanatory sketches; Mr. J. Starkie Gardner took for his subjects “The Decorative Uses of Enamel,” and “Designing for Wrought-Iron and other Metals”; Mr. Thomas Bonnar dealt with “The Picturesque Treatment of Interiors”; and Mr. W. S. Black with “Hindrances to the Progress of Applied Art.”

In the evening the lord provost and town council of Edinburgh entertained the members of the congress at a conversazione in the Museum of Science and Art, where a series of highly effective tableaux, reproducing well-known pictures of Scottish artists, were presented by several members of the Royal Scottish Academy and their friends.

On Thursday, October 31, in the section of Museums and National Encouragement of Art, Dr. Joseph Anderson, Curator of the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, read a valuable paper on “The Proper Function and Management of Local Museums,” in which he recommended that provincial museums should devote themselves to the formation of collections illustrative of the natural history of their district, while the archaeological collection, dealing with objects far fewer in number and more difficult of accumulation, should be concentrated in a national museum. As an example of the great scientific value of such a museum devoted to a representative collection of the archaeological remains of its country, Dr. Anderson instanced, in terms of the highest praise, the Museum of Copenhagen. Mr. G. H. Wallis contributed a paper giving an account of “Museum and Art Gallery Work in the Burgh of Nottingham”; and Prof. Patrick Geddes spoke on “Public Encouragement of Art on the Continent.” At the motion of Alderman W. H. Brittain, of Sheffield, a resolution was passed to memorialise the directors of the National Gallery, London, that the Turner water-colours in their possession should be made more accessible to the public either as loans to provincial museums, or in any other way that might be found practicable.

In his presidential address in the section of Architecture, Dr. Rowand Anderson briefly sketched the history of the art, dwelt upon the influence of popular taste upon the work of the architect, and enforced the truth that architectural form should be a development of structural requirements. Dr. John B. Hoyerlaff's lecture, on “The Colours of Nature and their Scientific Explanation,” was illustrated by interesting experiments; Mr. H. H. Statham, editor of the *Builder*, read a paper on “Architectural Mouldings,” while Mr. G. S. Aitken and Mr. Campbell Douglas contributed papers on “Architectural Education.” In the section of Painting a series of papers on “The Function of Texture in the Arts” was read by Mr. George Simonds, Mr. E. S. Prior, and Mr. A. Roche.

On Friday, November 1, in the section of Painting, Mr. W. B. Richmond, animadverted upon “French Impressionism and its Influence on English Art,” pointing out that all the really great art of France had been produced under the influence of the masters of Italy. He indicated that in his opinion the remedy for the present tendency of English students to seek the means of study in Paris lay not with the Royal Academy, but in the establishment of schools under the immediate personal supervision of capable painters; and he intimated that he had himself resolved to open such a school at the earliest possible opportunity. An animated discussion ensued, in which Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. W. Morris, Mr. A. Roche, and others took part. Mr. J. Lawton Win-

gate, followed upon somewhat similar lines in his paper on “Apprenticeship in Picture-making.” In the sections of Architecture and Sculpture, Mr. J. D. Sedding discoursed on “The Relation of Sculpture to Architecture,” Mr. Sidney Lee on “Sculpture and its Association with Architecture,” Mr. C. W. Whall and Mr. John Honeyman on “Artistic Co-operation,” and Mr. David MacGibbon dealt with “The Characteristics of Scottish National Architecture.” In the combined sections of Applied Art and National and Municipal Encouragement of Art, a number of papers dealing with such subjects as “Home, Art, and Industries,” “The Drawing Society,” and “The Art for Schools Association,” were contributed by Mr. Alfred Harris, Mr. T. R. Ablett, and Mr. Lionel Cust, and others; and upon the motion of the two latter gentlemen, a resolution was passed requesting the President of the Association to sign the memorial of the Drawing Society of Great Britain and Ireland to the Lord President of the Committee of Council on Education, pressing the importance of giving substantial effect in the code of the Education Department to the recommendations of the Royal Commissions on Education and Technical Instruction in regard to drawing instruction in schools.

In the section of Museums and National Encouragement of Art, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, editor of the *Magazine of Art*, read a paper on “Artists and Critics”; and Mr. J. Orrock, Dr. Rowand Anderson, Dr. J. Forbes White, Mr. W. B. Richmond, among others, took part in the spirited discussion which followed. Prof. Baldwin Brown then delivered his presidential address, in which he advocated the foundation in Scotland, under the auspices of the Board of Manufactures, of an Academy of Architecture and Decoration.

The general meeting of the Association was next held, Mr. Onslow Ford presiding; and in the evening the Board of Manufactures for Scotland entertained the members of the congress at a reception in the National Gallery and the adjoining Royal Scottish Academy Gallery, where the interesting Exhibition of Naval and Military Relics, already referred to in the *ACADEMY*, is at present being held.

Saturday, November 2, was devoted to excursions to various objects of interest in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood; and a meeting for teachers was held, at which Mr. Horsfall gave an account of the work being done in Manchester in the production and distribution of works of art for schools. Mr. Lionel Cust spoke on behalf of the Art for Schools Association; and various local speakers referred to the efforts in similar directions which were in operation in Scotland.

In connexion with the congress, a series of free evening lectures for working men was held in the Museum of Science and Art, where Mr. William Morris dealt with “Dying,” Mr. Walter Crane with “Decoration and Illustration of Books,” Mr. Emery Walker with “Printing,” and Mr. T. C. Sanderson with “Bookbinding”; while at an open discussion on “The Organisation and Uses of Museums,” Mr. Lionel Cust, Principal Cunningham, Prof. Patrick Geddes, and others advocated the opening of such institutions during a portion of Sunday.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE hear that Mr. Herbert Marshall, of the Royal Water-Colour Society, has arranged to hold at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, in March next, an exhibition of drawings of London. It is well known that Mr. Marshall has made the portrayal of London a speciality in his art,

THE third general meeting of members of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held on Friday, November 29, at 4.30 p.m., in the hall of the Zoological Society, Hanover Square. The president, Sir John Fowler, will take the chair; and Mr. F. L. Griffith, a former student of the fund, will read a report on recent explorations.

THE Fine Art Society will have on view next week, in New Bond Street, a collection of studies in various mediums by Sir F. Leighton, Messrs. L. Alma Tadema, E. J. Poynter, E. Burne Jones, and other artists.

A MONUMENT to Paul Baudry has been erected at Père-Lachaise. It consists of a bust on a black marble base and a bronze figure of Fame, who is crowning the painter with a wreath of gold laurel leaves.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

It is understood that the new piece at the Savoy will be produced at the end of November; probably on Saturday, the last day of the month. The reports to the effect that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan would not any longer collaborate were therefore false; and so moreover was the rumour that if they did collaborate it would only be upon a piece devoid of comic interest. We hear that the libretto of the new Savoy piece is extremely entertaining. This is a welcome change, for admirable as is the music of the "Yeoman of the Guard," its libretto is neither quite serious nor quite funny.

A NEW three-act play of some merit was brought out at a carefully organised Criterion *matinée* on Wednesday. It is called "Her own Witness," and its author is Dr. Dabbs, who has already produced one play which was a little out of the common. On Wednesday, in addition to the presence of a well-disposed and influential auditory, Dr. Dabbs had the advantage of good interpreters for his work. The story has a certain amount of freshness. A husband, who has reason to suspect his wife of adultery, puts her privately "away from him," instead of giving her, or getting Mr. Justice Butt to give her, "a writing of divorcement." Her name is to be changed; and, while he is yet to be fettered—since he cannot re-marry—she is to be free from disgrace. It is eventually discovered that on the more than suspicious occasion on which she found herself where modesty would not permit her to be, she was not responsible for her actions; she was a somnambulist, "in a most fast asleep." A second bout of sleep-walking—as to the genuineness of which there cannot be question—is the means of suggesting her innocence of the fault which had been laid to her charge. Thus is the unhappy lady re-united to her considerate lord, and a bad business ended happily. Mr. Nutcombe Gould played with distinction and reticence—with, it may be, even too much reticence now and then—the part of the husband. To Miss Elizabeth Robins—who may be remembered as one of the several "Mrs. Errols" of last spring—was entrusted what is the very difficult but likewise the very remunerative character of the wife, which she played with grace, discretion, and unaffected pathos. Miss Robins's position upon the London stage cannot but be improved by this performance. Mr. John Beauchamp acted well in the part of an elderly gentleman whose name we did not catch, and we were not provided with a play-bill. We are therefore unable to give the name of the young lady who played a certain Alice Fairfax. Her *naïveté* was, in its serious passages, too good an imitation of Miss Norreys; but she displayed capacities of her own. Mr. Frank Rodney and Mr. Ben Greet were likewise usefully engaged in the piece—

of which, if it is "cut" a little here and there, and its end more briskly compassed, we are not unlikely, we think, to hear again.

WE have been to see "London Day by Day"—the new Adelphi melodrama—by Mr. George Sims and Mr. Henry Pettit. In its construction it shows a good deal of ingenuity and much stage knowledge, though perhaps no particular novelty. Its serious dialogue passes muster; nay, it is all that is required; but there is not, and there can hardly be expected to be, any search for originality of thought or for actual beauty of style. Of observation of life—the lower class life of London, which Mr. Sims, all events, has studied so much—there is certainly abundant trace. There is quite a pretty idyl between a street urchin and a flower girl—we think it is—in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square; and the driver of a hansom cab—the sort of hansom cab that is owned by an enterprising nobleman—is hit off to the life. The story of the play we shall not pretend to tell; so much of its interest for the intending visitor would be lost if we did. Besides, upon the whole, the acting is the most remarkable part of the business—the cast being exceptionally strong, and everyone, it is clear, doing his best. Mr. George Alexander, as Frank Granville, takes the place that would have been filled by Mr. William Terriss had he been in England; and, winning as Mr. Terriss is, and firm as is his hold upon an Adelphi audience, we are not sure but that the personality and art of Mr. Alexander are not as effective and as honestly to be liked. Mr. Alexander is full of feeling. His method is delicate; and he is gallant and distinguished. As the gentlemanly villain of the play, M. Marius wants variety perhaps; but he knows his business. Mr. Abingdon, as Peter Marks, gives a character study of real excellence. The street-Arab is played by Miss Kate James; and the performance—in its own more limited way—is almost as faultless as was that of the crossing-sweeper in "Bleak House," by Miss Jennie Lee. There are two heroines—one Violet Chester and one Maud Willoughby—played respectively by Miss Alma Murray and Miss Mary Rorke. Violet Chester's part, good at first, becomes in the later portion of the play far less significant and interesting. This, however, is a necessity of the piece, and is by no means the fault of the distinguished actress to whom the part is entrusted. Miss Alma Murray's performance is charmingly finished, and is, of course, entirely refined. She and Mr. Alexander have a love scene in the first act, which is quite delightfully played by both, and which, moreover, is very well written. Though the part of Maud Willoughby is not, perhaps, exactly in Miss Mary Rorke's usual line—seeing that it lacks the domestic sentiment, in the expression of which Miss Rorke is so admirable—it is played by the lady not only with that complete knowledge of stage requirements which one expects her to display, but with a force of feeling and a dramatic power that are exceedingly, and even unusually, impressive. We have said enough to make it clear that the acting alone suffices to justify a visit to "London Day by Day." It would be easy to add a word in commendation of the scenery; and it is almost incumbent on us to call attention to the gulf that divides the "Adelphi Guests" of the present production from the seedy and impossible "Adelphi Guests" of our earliest youth.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

SEÑOR SARASATE gave his last concert previous to his departure for America, at St. James's Hall on November 1. His reading of the Mendelssohn Concerto was uncommonly bril-

liant. It seemed indeed as if he were making special efforts to surpass himself. Afterwards he played the Sarabande from Bach's Suite Anglaise, transcribed for violin and orchestra by Saint-Saëns. There really seems no excuse for such arrangements; for the great master wrote plenty of legitimate music for the violin of the highest kind, and affording brilliant opportunities for executive display. The programme included Liszt's Poème Symphonique "Hungaria." If intended to represent some period of discontent in that oft-distracted land, it may perhaps be regarded as fairly successful; as a specimen of musical art it is distinctly a failure. The opening theme is a promising one; but it soon gives place to cacophony. It was performed a few seasons ago at a Philharmonic Concert, and then made anything but a favourable impression. The concert commenced with Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" Overture, and concluded with the Rákóczi March. Mr. Cusins was the conductor.

A Concert-Overture, "Robert Bruce," by Mr. Simpson, performed at the Crystal Palace last Saturday proved an interesting novelty. There is life and character in the music, and altogether it gives good promise. The Scottish national melody forms a prominent feature in the work. Mr. Simpson only began the study of music in his twentieth year. He went first to the Leipzig Conservatorium for two years, then to the National Training School, and later on studied composition under Herr Bussler at Berlin. He has published some songs and a Cavatina for violin, but has larger works in manuscript. Herr Hans Wessely gave an excellent performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and was much applauded. The programme also included Schumann's Symphony (No. 1) in B flat. Mrs. Hutchinson was the vocalist.

Mdme. Adelina Patti appeared at Mr. Kuhe's second concert at the Albert Hall on Monday evening, November 4. There is no need to describe either her singing or her success. But we should like to mention the artistic rendering of an Aria from Handel's "Alessandro," by Mrs. Henschel, which gained for that lady an enthusiastic encore. Mdme. Douilly, Messrs. Lloyd, Henschel, and Wolff, also contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. Mr. W. Ganz conducted.

Messrs. Hann commenced their fourth series of chamber concerts at Brixton Hall on Wednesday evening. The programme included Schubert's lovely Quintet for strings in C (op. 163), interpreted by Mr. W. H. Hann, the well-known viola player, and four of his sons, with good feeling and intelligence. The audience listened most attentively to the music. Another son, Mr. S. H. Hann, was the pianist; and he gave a careful rendering of Beethoven's C minor Variations. Miss Hope Glen was the vocalist. It is not often that we are able to speak of suburban concerts; but every endeavour to spread a knowledge of the highest class music deserves encouragement.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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